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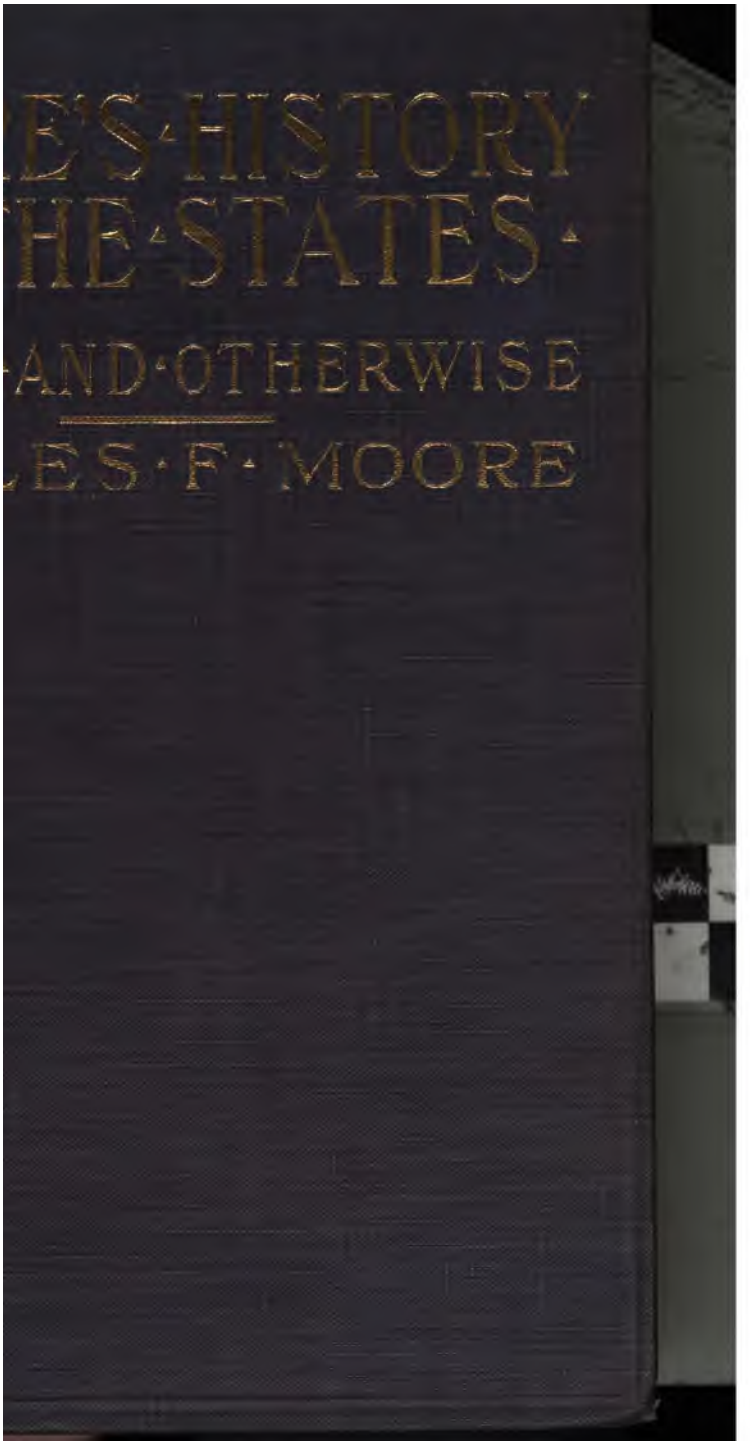
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MOORE'S
HISTORY OF THE STATES
UNITED AND OTHERWISE

Moore's History of the States

United and Otherwise

BY

CHARLES F. MOORE

MEMBER

Anglo-American Historical Society; International Association of Historic Research; Society for the Preservation of History and Tradition; Geographic and Historic Society of America, and so forth

AUTHOR

"The Finding and Founding of the United States"; "History of Civilization and New Jersey"; "History of the Years to Come"; "Prophecies Concerning the Past"; "Superheated Arctic Discussion", and many other books not yet written.

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TO MY MOTHER

PREFACE

The purpose of this publication is to satisfy a long-felt hunger. If it shall prove helpful in procuring our daily bread, we shall feel that the effort has not been in vain.

The book is not intended to supplant the uninteresting histories which are used to punish the children in our public schools, and to gather dust on library shelves. It is designed to be read, and to afford entertainment, without imposing a burden of information, and incidentally to provide respectable authority for the misstatement of facts so frequently indulged by writers and public speakers.

So far as we are aware, this is the only history on the market which admits its general inaccuracy. The reader, therefore, who quotes from its pages must do so at his own risk, for no statement herein contained is guaranteed by the author.

If we have failed to do justice to any one mentioned in the course of this story of events, sincere apology is made in advance. It must be remembered that one cannot speak from personal knowledge of all that has transpired in a period covering more than four centuries. Many conclusions, therefore, have been reached through information obtained from others, and we have long since found that little dependence can be put in other people.

We desire to make proper acknowledgment of our indebtedness to sundry untrustworthy writers, whose productions we have carefully overlooked; and in justification of the price at which the book is sold we likewise acknowledge an indebtedness to the landlord and the ice-man.

The ignorant and gullible public is cautioned against the spurious imitations of this work which its immense popularity will surely encourage to be put on the market. For the protection of the people we shall not permit it to be sold by travelling book-agents nor by speculators on the sidewalk; and the publishers of adulterated editions are warned that they will be prosecuted for violation of the pure-food law.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Physical Description	11
II	Discovery and Settlement	13
III	Some More of the Same	17
IV	The Revolution	23
V	Declaration of Independence	29
VI	Incidents of the Revolution	35
VII	The Constitution	38
VIII	Constitutional Amendments	45
IX	Washington's Administration	51
X	Administration of John Adams	61
XI	Jefferson and Madison	67
XII	From Monroe to Buchanan	74
XIII	The Uncivil War and Reconstruction	85
XIV	Universal Suffrage	93
XV	From Johnson to Arthur	98
XVI	From Cleveland to McKinley	104
XVII	The Spanish War	117
XVIII	The Army's Part in the War	129
XIX	The Reign of Theodore Roosevelt	145
XX	Some Phases and Institutions of American Life	158
XXI	The Era of Corporations	172
XXII	Corporate Legislation and Investigation	179
XXIII	New York City and State	194
XXIV	Lining Up for 1908	213
XXV	The Taft-Bryan Campaign	228
XXVI	The Taft Administration	246
XXVII	Some Conclusions	274

Moore's History of the States
UNITED AND OTHERWISE

CHAPTER I

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

The United States consist of certain and uncertain portions of land, water and mud scattered over this and the other side of the globe.

The climate is variable, depending on its condition, and the atmosphere nervous and fluctuating. High winds prevail in the region of Chicago and other untamed sections of the West, and brain-storms and hot-air currents are frequently encountered around New York and Pittsburg.

Generally speaking, the surface is undulating. The highest ground in the world, we are told by real-estate agents, lies along Broadway in the City of New York. Indeed, there is a very small part of the metropolis on the level.

At the time of its discovery the country was occupied by the American Indians, which race has gradually disappeared before the murderous march of civilization until few remain who have not been "benevolently assimilated." The last

remnants of these copper-colored tribes have been consolidated by a promoter known as Buffalo Bill. This merger is called Amalgamated Copper.

The surviving Indians hold Buffalo Bill in high esteem, for the very good reason that since joining him they have had a show. The people who now inhabit the United States are called Americans, because they are from every place except America.

It is an exceedingly fertile country, yielding its products in great variety and abundance. Some localities produce politicians and confusion; in other sections the natives devote much of their time to raising corn, rye and mint, and the rest of the time to raising cain. Fish and oysters are abundantly supplied to epicures and lobsters to manicures, peaches frequent the cafes and fashionable resorts, and lemons are distributed with marked generosity.

CHAPTER II

DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT

The first and only discovery of America which ever amounted to anything occurred in the latter part of the fifteenth century. It was discovered by an enterprising Dago by the name of Christopher Columbus, who was not looking for it and died without knowing he had found it. Columbus had not lost any country, and therefore was not hunting for one; but he had lost his job, and to quiet the clamor of his impatient creditors he set out in quest of an American heiress. In this enterprise he was materially assisted by Queen Isabella of Spain, who commanded her husband, Ferdinand, to supply the funds necessary to defray the expense of the venture. Like a well-trained subordinate, he obeyed, and made generous contribution to the cause out of other people's money, in the same manner that most benevolent donations are made.

In return for this Spanish kindness, which led to the discovery of their country, the Americans, some four hundred years later, after long and diligent search, discovered the Spanish at Manila Bay

and Santiago, and heaped coals of fire and explosives on their heads.

When it was finally known that a new country had been located, all the European nations were anxious to share in its distribution. Repeated attempts were made to explore and colonize it. Not, however, until the year 1607 was a successful attempt made by the English in the latter direction. Then three small motor-boats, carrying one hundred and five souls and a like number of bodies, crossed the Atlantic, and, drifting into the mouth of an unknown stream, landed the adventurers on its banks. The settlement there established was called Jamestown, because it was found to be located on the James River; which stream took its name from Jesse James, on account of the habit it had of breaking its banks.

The settlement of Jamestown was accomplished with great difficulty. To-day there would be no trouble to effect its settlement at ten cents on the dollar.

While the industrious members of this colonizing band were engaged in building houses and fortifications, the others assembled in the opera-house and organized The Jamestown Exposition Company, which perfected the plans for a great celebration some time after the show had closed, three hundred years later. Because the exposition was not held at Jamestown, the original settlers refused to attend it.

In 1620 the Puritans sailed from the old country, aiming to locate near the same spot; but their

poor seamanship landed them at Plymouth Rock. Thus it appears that New England was colonized by accident, and the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts because they did not know any better.

Most of the early settlers came to America in search of liberty, just as many of our own people have in more recent years gone to Canada, Mexico and Paris. But international extradition treaties have become so general and comprehensive that liberty is well-nigh a thing of the past. About the only places of safety remaining for wrong-doers in America are in the United States Senate and the House of Representatives, the members of which are under the Constitution "privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses and in going to and returning from the same." These places, however, afford immunity to a small portion only of those who need it. They are therefore eagerly sought and command such high prices that none but the very wealthy can afford them. The poor law-breaker who cannot go to Congress must go to jail.

It was the hope of obtaining religious freedom that induced the Puritans to come to America. They had long endured persecution and yearned for a place where every one might be at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of the Puritans, which, as they saw it, was the only faith and practice that should be tolerated. They looked upon misery as the only true state of happiness, and taught that piety consists in denying to your-

self and others all the good things of life. The religious bigot, then as now, was the one whose creed differed from your own, just as the blind partisan is always the man who votes the other ticket.

CHAPTER III

SOME MORE OF THE SAME

Reverting to Jamestown, it may be noted that history affords no better illustration of the important part woman plays in the march of human progress than the early development of this settlement. The colonists struggled along from year to year with little or no success until 1620, at which time ninety young women were induced to come over and join them. The freight on this valuable consignment was paid in tobacco by the men who chose the young women for their wives. That a man is willing to give up his tobacco for a woman has ever since been regarded as a supreme test of devotion.

The effect of this importation of women was magical. The discouraged settlers took on new life and new hope, and forthwith the infant industries of the country began to flourish.

The first immigrants were not from the aristocratic families of the old country, but belonged to the poor and humbler classes. Many of them, indeed, were so indolent and impecunious that they became known as "F F Vs," meaning Four-Flushing Vagrants.

All the settling, however, was not done by the English. France and Spain were taking a hand, and even the slow-moving Dutch began to sit up and take notice. In 1609, Henry Hudson, who was engaged in the service of the Dutch East India Company, came over from Holland on a North German Lloyd steamer and landed late one evening at a Hoboken pier. He set out unattended in the darkness and fog to find his way to the Holland House, where he had taken the precaution to engage accommodation in advance by a wireless message from midocean. He had gone but a short distance, when, without a moment's warning, he stepped into a large body of running water, and thus by the merest accident was led to the discovery of a great river, to which he generously gave his own name. If the Hudson River Tunnel had been in operation at that time the existence of the stream might have remained unknown to this day. On the following morning Hudson boarded an excursion boat to Albany and explored the river to that point. This renowned explorer located the stream with consummate skill and foresight, running it between Albany and New York, with Sing Sing intermediate and accessible to both places.

The Hudson is still a great river, but not what it used to be. Great chunks of it are cut out and carried off every hard winter by the American Ice Company. While the country on both sides of it has wonderfully improved, the stream itself has been running down ever since Hudson retired from its management.

Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait were, in later years, discovered by this tireless adventurer. The persistency of his search for potable waters leads us to believe Mrs. Hudson must have been an active member of the W. C. T. U. and he, perhaps, a prohibitionist. His voyages resulted in the settlement of New York by the Dutch, though it has since been financed by the Jews, and is now run by the Irish.

In the year 1682 a good-natured, rotund gentleman, named William Penn, came to America with a number of other simple-hearted Quakers and undertook the settlement of that portion of the country comprising the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware. It is, no doubt, owing to the deep piety and unfailing integrity of their founders that these two States are regarded by all as models of civic righteousness and political purity.

On account of his respect for either the rights or the weapons of the Indians, Penn refused to engage in war with them, as others had done, but established peaceful and friendly relations by purchasing their lands, giving them in exchange Quaker oats, Peruna, trading stamps and other useful household articles. For the reason that he was thus enabled to accomplish far better results than had been achieved by others through a resort to arms, it has ever since been a familiar proverb that "The Penn is mightier than the sword."

Within a few months after Penn's arrival he

laid out the city of Philadelphia, a place of some local importance, situated near Germantown, through which one must pass in going from Baltimore to New York. Philadelphia is thought by many to be the most thoroughly laid-out city in the world. Penn displayed great wisdom in giving the place an early start.

It was while living in this city that Benjamin Franklin, some years later, amazed the world by announcing his discovery of electricity. The public was astounded, not because electricity was discovered, nor because Franklin made the discovery, but because electricity was found in Philadelphia.

About this time a royal charter was granted the Connecticut colony, which in many respects is said to be the most liberal charter ever issued, with the single exception of the one obtained by the Standard Oil Company from the State of New Jersey.

No American history is complete which fails to mention John Smith, nor could it hope to find a large sale if, by such omission, offence should be given to the Smith family.

This particular John Smith was responsible for many notable achievements, but he won his place in history largely through his unique deliverance when captured by the Indians. Chief Powhatan had issued positive instructions that Smith should be forthwith electrocuted. This order was about to be put into effect when Miss Pocahontas Powhatan, the Chief's beautiful daughter, came on the

scene. Seeing that Smith was to suffer a violent death, and realizing with a woman's intuition how it hurts to be killed, she sprang to the side of the terrified prisoner and threw about him the left wing of her sheath skirt. Then, looking straight into the face of her father, she said, "Touch him if you dare, you old blood-thirsty savage, and I'll report you to Commissioner Bingham." This tender appeal touched the heart of the stern old warrior, and thereupon he permitted Smith to give bail and go free. John then rewarded the faithful girl by not making her his wife.

Shortly after this Pocahontas became the wife of an Englishman named John Rolfe. It is interesting to note how widely this first trans-Atlantic marriage differed from most modern ones. In the first place, this particular foreigner was respectable, had no royal title, and paid his debts. In the second place, his American bride was not an heiress; and, what is still more surprising, they lived together without scandal or divorce for a period of three long years.

Some may be concerned in knowing that in the year 1741 the lynching bee, commonly regarded as a pastime peculiar to the South, originated in New York City. The people became greatly agitated by a rumor that the negroes had formed a plot to burn the city; whereupon the citizens organized a mob and without ceremony proceeded to excuse some thirty colored gentlemen from further par-

ticipation in the uncertainties of life. In recent years these festivities are not so generally observed in the North as they are in the Southern section, for the reason that the former locality is not so well provided with the necessary raw material.

CHAPTER IV

THE REVOLUTION

The written story of the American people, as indeed of all others, consists largely in a recital of their misdeeds and inhuman conduct. This, not because there is no good to relate, but because we have always been inclined to direct our attention to the abnormal side of life.

The man who goes along his way with orderly decency receives scant consideration. It is only when he walks in the forbidden path or when he stumbles and falls that he provokes comment. One must be a freak or a criminal to get free advertising. Do right, and you must pay to get your name in print; do wrong, and you must pay to keep it out. Hence the recorded story of the human race is made up largely of an account of those events which are born of frailty and depravity. Much of it, therefore, is devoted to the wars men have waged against each other.

The early settlers of America engaged in three distinct conflicts. They had scarcely set foot on the shore when they began a struggle with the Indians, which lasted as long as the Indians lasted. Then when the several colonies became established

they fought each other; and, finally, when their territorial limits were fairly settled, they joined their forces and turned on poor old England.

There is no occasion to discuss the merits of their assault on the Indians; it has none. They fought each other for the same reason that their descendants are still at it, because few were satisfied with what belonged to them.

We come now to consider that eventful struggle between the colonies and the mother country, known as the Revolution. It was so called because it was the culminating act of resenting long-endured oppression, and the term "revolution" most accurately describing the movement of the worm that turns.

In the early stages of the controversy, a controversy which finally developed into a bloody war, the colonists took their stand on the principle that there should be no taxation without representation.

Why England should have refused to satisfy them by granting a minority representation is hard to understand. It could have done no harm to let the Americans imagine they were taking part in the administration of their civic affairs. Most persons are content to have what they call a "voice" in their own government, just as minority stockholders are usually satisfied when permitted to vote at the annual meeting of the company, though the minutes are written up in advance and the management conducted just as if they had remained absent or silent. It was this ceaseless desire to have a *voice* in the government that led the Democratic

party to nominate Mr. Bryan for the Presidency on three different occasions.

England might have permitted American representatives to sit in Parliament, where they could have accomplished nothing because so greatly outnumbered; in the same way that Democrats are sometimes permitted to sit in Congress, and even to have the privilege of the floor, only to be voted down in the end.

From year to year the burdens laid upon the colonies grew heavier, until at length their indignation became so intense that the merchants of Boston, New York and Philadelphia drew up and signed an agreement to import no more goods till the stamp act should be repealed. The parties to this contract were, however, promptly enjoined from maintaining it, the courts holding it to be a conspiracy in restraint of trade forbidden by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.

Aside from the political liberty it brought to the American people, the Revolution served a good purpose in affording to many an opportunity to gain renown. Many a great commander has died unknown to fame because he chanced to live in a peaceful era. Take an instance. But for a decade of unprecedented carnage in Cuba and the Philippines, the world might never have suspected that the military genius and heroism of General Leonard Wood was so vastly superior to that of the regular army officers over whom he was hurdled

to distinction. Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" speech might never have gotten on a talking-machine record if it had been uttered in an ordinary municipal campaign; but the sentiment in favor of freedom which so generally prevailed immediately prior to the Revolution opened up a ready market for his patriotic oratory. As perhaps some of our readers know, the call for liberty or death is not always heeded; the jury sometimes decides that you deserve neither, in which event a sentence to hard labor is imposed.

The most conspicuous individual product of the Revolution was the commander-in-chief of the American army, George Washington. He became known as the "Father of his country," and the step-father of Colonel John Parke Custis, these being the sum total of his paternal pretensions.

In his early boyhood, George, as he was familiarly called by his father and the hired girl, suffered from a peculiar impediment in his speech, on account of which he declared he could not tell a lie; but being handy with his pen he managed to get along fairly well. Though history is silent on this point, we have every reason to believe he entirely overcame this infirmity when in later life he became a married man and a successful politician.

The best medical authorities tell us this incompetency to articulate mendacious words and syllables is very rare, and is usually confined to infants

under the age of ten months. The only well-defined case in an adult that has ever been reported is, strange to relate, that of another and more recent President of the United States, whose speech was so uniformly free from any trace of prevarication that it was, by his own imperial edict, adopted as the standard of weight and fineness for all vocal utterance. Any statement that fails to conform to this measure of perfection is forthwith condemned and officially stamped as unfit for family use.

Washington was born on the 22d day of February, 1732. By selecting that season of the year for his nativity he has endeared himself to the children of America for all time to come, inasmuch as the observance of the anniversary of his birth at that time gives them a day out of school. To this bit of foresight he is in a great measure indebted for the permanent place he occupies as "First in the hearts of his countrymen."

George was a splendid specimen of physical manhood and established a record for throwing the silver dollar which has never since been seriously threatened. At a point near Washington City he tossed the coin from one bank of the Potomac River to the other. Many noted athletes have vainly tried to duplicate the feat. Their failure is due, it is explained, to the fact that a dollar does not go as far now as it did formerly. That may be true, but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that it goes very much faster.

Washington was for so long a time and in so many ways identified with American history that we shall get glimpses of him further along, as from time to time we cross his pathway.

CHAPTER V

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

After a number of preliminary bouts, the main fight between England and her colonies was put on in the year 1775. They fought hard, but with no apparent advantage to either party until the following year; then something happened. Up to that time the Americans had been fighting, just as most of us do, because they were mad. Now it occurred to them they might as well get something out of it, so by common consent they all turned patriots and began a struggle for liberty.

In June, 1776, a resolution was offered in Congress declaring the united colonies were able to take care of their own affairs, and notice was served on England that her assistance was no longer needed.

Having determined to go into business for themselves, the colonists thought best to make formal announcement to the public. A committee was accordingly appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence, which in purpose and effect was nothing more nor less than a circular letter justifying the course they meant to pursue.

Whenever two or more persons disagree and

break off the relations they have formerly maintained, it is human nature to rush into print with a statement of the case before the other party has a chance to be heard. The trouble, of course, is always with the other party. When partners separate it is never the fault of the one who tells you about it; when an erstwhile loving couple is divorced, the detached individual who breaks the news to you is never in the least to blame. It was expected, therefore, that this declaration would contain some references to the British Crown not altogether flattering, and in this no one was disappointed.

The paper was drafted in the main by the chairman of the committee, Thomas Jefferson, a representative from Virginia, who parted his hair in the middle and wore a flowered vest; in which two particulars he closely resembled another well-known statesman of more recent times—the Honorable Timothy Woodruff. That, however, is about the extent of the likeness. Jefferson was a man of some ability, and in later life held several good jobs under and over the government he aided in forming.

The Declaration of Independence is not just what we would have written had we been called upon to frame it; nevertheless it was fairly well prepared, and its purpose was so apparent that even the English caught its meaning. The style of the document is academic, as might have been

expected from one who was not accustomed to preparing such papers. The colonists, it must be remembered, were not in the habit of conducting revolutions, as the people of the South American countries are to-day, so Jefferson lacked the training of an expert revolution promoter.

The Declaration consists principally of a bill of particulars, itemizing the many things King George had wrongfully done and wrongfully omitted to do. There are but two paragraphs of any special significance, the second and the last.

In the first of these, Jefferson lays down what he designates as certain "self evident truths"; or, in other words, truths which testify in their own behalf. Some of them appear to be exceptionally poor witnesses.

The first of these automatic convincers is, "all men are created equal." One thing is certainly true; either Jefferson was a poor judge of men, or else he had seen very few of them at the time of this writing. If in his day all men were created equal, the human factory must have been doing better and more uniform work than it is now turning out. The men of the present generation are not only unequal to each other, but very many of them do not appear to be equal to anything.

It is no reflection on the man who is not as good as others to say he was created below par, but it might be a reflection to speak of him as "a self-made man." Every day we run across people who, if created as we find them, are more to be pitied than censured.

We are told, however, that it was merely a political equality which Jefferson taught; or, as it is sometimes expressed, all men are equal before the law. Perhaps they are, provided they keep far enough before it; but everybody knows it is a different story when the law catches them, for justice is blind and many take advantage of the old lady's affliction.

It is further alleged that these men of uniform creation are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These are all useful commodities, and it would save us no little anxiety if we could believe them inalienable; but how can we, when we see them alienated every day? How often it happens that a man is sent to the gallows because the jury returns a verdict that he has alienated his right to live, and, what is more, many who keep on living really have no license to do so.

Those of our readers who have enjoyed the privacy of prison life can also testify that the right to have liberty may be alienated. There is little satisfaction to the poor fellow who is in jail to have his lawyer stand outside the grated door and read to him the Declaration of Independence, calling special attention to Jefferson's theory that the right to freedom cannot be parted with. In his case it is no longer a theory, but a condition. He knows very well his right to circulate has gotten away from him, and whenever he looks at his lawyer he is reminded, too, that his cash is headed in the same direction. What is the sense in talking

about the inalienable right to pursue happiness when in almost every interest where the restraining hand of the law is laid upon us it is because we are engaged in chasing that very thing—happiness? Jefferson would have us believe there is no speed limit in such pursuit, but the fellow who throws wide open the valve of his joy-cart will surely be run in—if he does not stand in.

The statute books are full of "thou-shalt-nots," which are directly intended to put the brakes on happiness hunters. Take, for instance, the anti-racing law. The man who patronizes the track goes there in pursuit of happiness. True, he seldom catches it, for, like the horse that carries his money, his movement is too deliberate. Most laws that abridge our pleasure are *aunty* laws.

It is to preserve these rights, Jefferson says, that governments are instituted. That may be the theory, but it works very differently in practice. When one goes leisurely along his way some burly cop pokes him in the ribs with his stick and orders him to "step lively;" and if, perchance, he strikes a rapid gait, the same club brings him to a sudden halt.

In this same paragraph the author of the Declaration has a bit to say about governments deriving their rights from the consent of the governed. Everybody ought to understand that no one ever knowingly consents to be governed at all, except the man who contracts a second marriage. We readily consent to the government of everybody else, but never for a moment admit that we need

it ourselves. No penal statute was ever enacted except for the punishment of other people.

A further examination of this document is not called for, and moreover it is out of place to talk politics in the midst of a bloody revolution.

CHAPTER VI

INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION

During the preliminary skirmishes, before the American army had been put on a fighting basis, certain sections of the country undertook to provide local protection by organizing what were known as the "Minute Men" of the Revolution, companies so called on account of their ability to run a long distance in sixty seconds.

One of the earliest and most memorable encounters of the Revolution was the battle of Bunker Hill, near the city of Boston. The hill was given that name because the English found it so difficult to get over that to them it appeared very much like the obstructions found on golf links known as "bunkers." The British forces finally won the day, but all America was gratified because their own soldiers demonstrated their ability not only to fight with determination, but likewise to retreat with expedition.

During the winter of 1775-6 the army of King George occupied Boston, the Americans, meanwhile, assembling their troops around the city and fortifying their position. On March 17th the entire British force, under command of Sir Wil-

liam Howe, following the example set by the snakes of Ireland on a previous March 17th, moved out. It was a great victory for General Washington and was won without the loss of any powder and lead. Congress promptly gave him a vote of thanks and a gold medal. Without detracting in the least from the credit due to Washington, it does look as if the thanks and medal should have gone to Howe and congratulations to the American.

Shortly after this, the scene of the contest was shifted to New York City. The relative position of the contending parties was likewise shifted; here the reinforced army of Howe did the surrounding act, and it was up to George to do the moving. This he did to the Queen's taste, but not to the satisfaction of the King; for Washington proved to be not only a skillful fighter, but, what was equally annoying to his foe, a most agile and elusive mover. His ability to get away from places did much to prolong the fighting strength of his army. It was a habit of his to be out when his British cousins called.

When pursued by the greatly superior numbers of the enemy Washington retreated from Long Island to Manhattan, thence to the Bronx and still on to White Plains, going from bad to worse, and finally from worse to New Jersey. Nor did the journeying end there; he kept going until the Delaware River was reached and put between him and the British.

In this round of the fight Howe had Washington groggy and hanging on the ropes, and but for

the latter's splendid foot-work and the skill with which he covered up, he would have taken the count then and there. Howe did not follow up his advantage with a great amount of energy, and thus lost the best opportunity he ever had to score a knock-out. The bell saved Washington, who came up in the next round fresh and strong.

Benjamin Franklin and others were sent as commissioners to France, where they not only succeeded in enlisting the sympathy and support of the government as such, but likewise created such enthusiasm among the people that many of them came to America and volunteered their services in behalf of freedom. The most conspicuous of these was the titled Lafayette, whose splendid ability and valor materially aided the cause of the patriots. To square this international account and discharge America's obligation to France, we recently gave her Jimmie Hyde.

The revolutionary struggle continued until the year 1782, when hostilities were suspended. We might fill many pages with a recital of the battles that were won and lost, as other great historians have done, but what is the use? This history would then be like theirs—the very thing we are trying to avoid, for in that event there would be no excuse for its existence.

Suffice it to say, then, the Americans won their first professional fight, and have ever since held the championship against all comers.

CHAPTER VII

THE CONSTITUTION

The United States, as they were thereafter to be called, had won their liberty; now the question was, what to do with it? The only form of government which had held them together was embodied in the Articles of Confederation, which were neither understood nor worth understanding. The Articles provided for a Congress, having vested in it both legislative and executive powers, which it might fully exercise, provided no one raised objection. There was no Senate, because the people at that time were too poor to be Senators.

Perhaps the most important exclusive privilege of this Congress was the right to make war and peace. The principal occupation of most Congressmen to-day is making war, if we accept the definition of a very eminent military authority that "war is hell." They raise it when they are candidates for election, and kick it up when they convene at the National Capital. It is the only means by which some of them are able to attract attention.

The United States had no President at that time. How things have changed! Now there are

periods when we have little else in the way of a government, all the other departments being maintained for his sole use and benefit.

It soon became apparent that a better form of government was needed than that secured under the Articles of Confederation, else liberty would not be worth the price paid for it. A Constitutional Convention was accordingly assembled, first at Annapolis and later at Philadelphia. This body, after a long and painful discussion, adopted, in 1787, a Constitution, which, with some alterations and repairs, is still in existence, though seldom consulted. A great part of it is as good as new, because it has been so little used. The hardest wear and strain to which it is subjected comes from the effort of public officials to bend and stretch it to cover their own plans and purposes. If any of our readers should care to peruse this historic document, a fairly well preserved copy may be found in the Congressional Library at Washington, where it is kept that the members of Congress may have ready access to it whenever they care to violate it.

Theoretically the Constitution is a sacred thing to the average American. Whenever a public officer has administered to him an oath, he is sworn to support the Constitution. This he pledges himself to do in the most solemn and impressive manner, though in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred he would not know the Constitution if he were to meet it in the road. It would be infinitely better,

we sometimes think, if they were sworn to support their families and keep the eighth Commandment.

The Constitution starts off with a very well phrased preamble, which is about the only portion of the instrument that has not been explained away or mutilated by executive interpretation.

Article I provides for the establishment of the legislative branch of the government, consisting of a Senate and a House of Misrepresentatives. The members of the latter, it is declared, shall be elected every second year; which clause the people do not always observe, for many of them are defeated the second year. The Senators were required immediately after their first assembling to divide themselves into two classes. There is nothing, however, to prevent the public from classifying them as they see fit. Few are therefore looked upon as first class, while many are inclined to arrange them in two groups, bad and worse. Each house has the right to determine whether its own members have any qualifications; and is required to keep a journel of its proceedings, and from time to time publish such portions as may be fit to print.

The Constitution prescribes that no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States. This was intended to prevent the creation of distinctions which would tend to destroy the universal equality declared in the Declaration of Independence as the basis of popular government. The intent of this provision is commendable, but its wisdom may be questioned. It is the avowed purpose of all our legislation to build up American

enterprise and to supply our home market as far as possible with domestic productions. Yet here we have an organic law in the direct interest of the foreigner, since it compels the importation of an article that might just as well be manufactured at home. Vast sums are annually spent in the old country by certain American women, who have more dollars than sense, in the purchase of Dukes, Princes, Counts and other useless bric-a-brac. Why should they not be permitted to squander their cash at home? Besides, we have a lot of half-witted, impecunious youths, of questionable morals, who are a menace to the public welfare; all of whom, with a little night-school training and fashionable grooming, could be titled and made to compare favorably with the imported article, and they could be sold at a rate that would put them in reach of the girls of moderate means.

By this same clause all persons holding any office of profit or trust under the United States are forbidden to accept any present or emolument from any titled foreigner. There has never been the slightest necessity for any such inhibition. That particular class of foreigners has never been in the donating business. They are all receivers, not transmitters.

In this connection it may not be out of place to suggest, as a protection against fraudulent importations, that it might be well to prohibit the bringing in of any foreign title which has not first been inspected and approved by some responsible Title Guarantee Company.

By Article II of the Constitution the executive power of the government is vested in the President. The framers were without experience and therefore surmised incorrectly that no one man could be expected to do more than see that the existing laws are faithfully executed, hence this simple duty was the only burden imposed on the President. Time, however, and some people, have demonstrated that the President is amply able to make and construe all the laws, as well as to look after their administration. To maintain Congress has indeed come to be looked upon as a needless expense. True, the formality of enacting a federal statute is still left in the hands of that body, but permission to act must first be obtained from the White House. The final test of the fitness of a Senator or Representative to continue in his position of responsibility has come to be the readiness with which he acquiesces in the expressed will of the Chief Executive. Moreover, it matters little what a statute may or may not contain, for whatever is desired can easily be read into it by the modern device of executive construction.

Among the powers vested in the President by the Constitution is the right to require the principal officers in each executive department to submit their opinions to him in writing. The courts have held, however, that in some cases it would be against public policy, as well as against the peace and dignity of the state, to require these officers to submit their written opinions *of* the President him-

self. The change of the preposition makes a big difference.

The President is likewise empowered, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties and to appoint ambassadors and other important officials. While this provision was regarded in the early history of the government, no modern, up-to-date President who has his job well in hand ever seeks the advice and consent of the Senate. That body may sometimes be permitted to honor itself by giving its approval to what the President has already done, but in latter years it never presumes to give advice. What does a plain, ordinary Senator know about the affairs of state, any way?

One of the duties imposed on the President is that he shall from time to time give Congress information. By a typographical error some copies of the Constitution were made to read "give Congress *inflammation*," and one of these, it is believed, has gotten into the White House by mistake.

The Vice-President, whose office is created by the Constitution, is not a regular player on the team, but is carried as a sort of substitute or utility man. He is very much like the extra tire strapped on the rear of an automobile, which is looked upon as a nuisance, and of real value only in case of puncture. Henry Clay is quoted as having said, "I had rather be right than be President;" every live man says, "I had rather be wrong than be Vice-President."

The Constitution is not a lengthy document. It treats of the fundamental principles of government, and is written for the most part in plain English. Although put into effect on the 4th day of March, 1789, the leading politicians, lawyers and jurists have been occupied ever since in their efforts to construe it. The courts undertake to tell us what it means; the lawyers, what it does not mean, while the politicians fluctuate as the occasion may require.

It has been made the excuse for gigantic blunders and many crimes and misdemeanors have been committed in its name.

CHAPTER VIII

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

The Constitution of the United States has already suffered fifteen different amendments, which were adopted in the ordained way, to say nothing of the still greater number of unwritten modifications accomplished by political surgery and executive legerdemain.

The first amendment forbids any attempt by Congress to establish religion or to restrain the free use of the same. This is a wise provision indeed, for if there is any one thing the average Congressman knows less about than all else, it is religion.

It would be a nice sort of Confession of Faith that a congressional committee on Systematic Theology would report for the prayerful consideration of that devout congregation! Just imagine the sulphurous fumes that would arise from a heated discussion of the doctrine of Infant Baptism or Total Depravity between Uncle Joe Cannon and John Wesley Gaines in the House, or between Senators Ben Tillman and Boise Penrose at the other end of the Capitol! The chances are they would all be Calvinists, for politicians believe in election,

though many of them practice the Methodist doctrine of "falling from grace." And when it came to separating the sheep from the goats the members of the party which happened to be in the minority would have to line up with the can-eaters every time. The American people want free religion, but if Congress were allowed to regulate it, there is not a Republican in either house who would permit it to remain on the free-list. They have already put a heavy duty on Bibles and prayer-books.

This same amendment says Congress shall enact no law "abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." It is agreed that no man's freedom may be abridged while he speaks, but there is no good reason why he should not often be required to abridge his speech. An habitual indulgence in the free and unlimited coinage of speech is furthermore in violation of the eighth amendment, which forbids the infliction of "cruel and unusual punishment." Talk is cheap, and it is one of the few luxuries many of us can afford; nevertheless the man whose perpetual loquacity converts him into a nuisance should be required to hire a hall, where he could talk to himself without disturbing his fellow creatures. And the same rule might also be applied to some women, for they are at times over zealous in their vocal exertions. There is no subject to which the labor unions could better devote their attention than to the establishment of shorter working hours for public speakers. There may be

some excuse for Marathon races, but none for Marathon talking contests.

There is not the same element of danger in the freedom of the press. The man who has a pair of good ears cannot avoid hearing things which may be spoken in his presence, but he can read that which is printed or let it alone as he sees fit. True, he usually does read such books and papers as chance to fall into his hands, which he does for the very purpose of ascertaining whether he cares to read them. Then if he cares, and he seldom does, it is already done; if he does not care, it is then too late. However, he has no one but himself and his own curiosity to blame.

Amendment IV is intended to preserve the sacred privacy of our homes, a privilege universally esteemed by civilized people. It forbids an unreasonable search of our homes by any one except the plumber and the man who reads the gas-meter. These, of course, may enter with or without breaking at any hour of the day or night, Sundays and holidays not excepted. It would be the cause of inconceivable annoyance to most housewives to keep their places of abode in shape for inspection from one year's end to the other. In what constant state of suspense they would be kept if their curious neighbors were not restrained by the Constitution from going through the place at will and discovering how poorly it is cared for! They would not feel free to spend their forenoons and a part of their money shopping and their afternoons and the rest of it playing bridge, meanwhile

permitting the unlaundered dishes to remain on the table, their cast-off garments to hang across the foot of the unmade bed, and the kitchen towel to adorn the back of the morris chair. On account of the peace of mind it secures to these poor, overtaxed feminine toilers, if for no other reason, we should be thankful for this life-saving amendment.

In recent years constitutional lawyers have been more or less perplexed in their efforts to determine whether this guarantee against the unreasonable search of one's home may be pleaded by the occupant of a modern flat. In other words, is a pigeon-hole a house? While the question has not been directly before a last resort, the flat is conceded to be one, and the trend of authority seems to favor the view that the man who lives in a flat is not entitled to any protection or consideration of any kind whatsoever. Nor is this an unreasonable conclusion; for, whatever may befall him, while he and his wife, their thirteen children, a mother-in-law and the intermittent hired girl are all crowded into four eight-by-ten rooms and a dumb waiter, he certainly has no room to complain. Furthermore, flat-dwellers spend a good portion of their time flat-hunting, to enjoy which pastime to the fullest extent the right of entry and inspection must never be denied them. But for the opportunity thus afforded very many of them would know little of indoor life. And who, pray, but a flat-hunter by profession would ever want to search a flat?

The fifth amendment is of the greatest impor-

tance to many of us, concerning, as it does, the manner in which persons charged with crime may be tried and convicted. Among other things it provides that no one shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. This clause is especially aimed at lynching and mob violence. It may not be generally known that when one incurs the displeasure of the community and is forthwith strung up to a limb without the formality of a trial his execution is unconstitutional, and is therefore null and void; and upon application being made by his administrator the transaction will be promptly reversed and set aside by the Supreme Court. If the hanging was a success, it is difficult to put the victim in *statu quo,* nevertheless it is a source of satisfaction to his widow to have it judicially declared that her pendent husband's hesitation to depart this life in the manner prescribed was entirely justified by the Constitution, and that he was unlawfully kept in suspense.

Another clause of this amendment forbids the taking of private property for public use without just compensation. The words "just compensation" have by common consent been construed to fix the full value of the property so taken for public use as the minimum amount to be paid for it, leaving the owner free to get as much more than it is worth as he may be able to procure through political manipulation. There is nothing, indeed, which so greatly stimulates an advance in real estate values in any particular locality as the government's announcement of its desire to acquire a

post-office site at or near that spot. A better purpose might have been served if this clause had been so framed as to prohibit the taking of public property for private use without compensation. Public officials sometimes appear to overlook the importance of that doctrine.

The taking of private property for the private use of some one other than the owner, without consent or compensation, is not prohibited in so many words by the Constitution, but there is a decided prejudice against the practice among those who have property.

Still another amendment provides that "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial." This might have gone further and secured to the convicted criminal the right to enjoy a speedy execution. As it is these pleasures are ofttimes unreasonably deferred. Unfortunately no uniform standard of speed has ever been established in this matter by any competent tribunal. In New York, for instance, the progress of the criminal courts is so very deliberate that one charged with murder may count himself lucky if he reaches the electric chair before the public has forgotten the nature of the offence for the commission of which he was sentenced.

The last three amendments were adopted for the exclusive use and benefit of the discolored population. Concerning these we shall have something to say further on, when we have occasion to discuss the dark side of our citizenship.

CHAPTER IX

WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION

It now became necessary to organize the government under the provisions of the Constitution. The people of the United States, having delivered themselves from one George, immediately turned to another. A President was to be elected, and they very naturally felt that the man who had led them in their successful struggle for liberty should be given the first chance to try his hand at the job. The public has always been ready to bestow office on a military or naval hero while his halo is in good working order. It would have been impossible to defeat General Grant at the time he first came before the people as a candidate. Admiral Dewey could have had the Presidency when he came back from his triumph in Manila Bay. But when he gave away the house which was presented to him by his worshippers, they began to fear he could not be trusted with the White House. Colonel Roosevelt got a running start in the Spanish war that carried him over the political hurdles into the Governor's mansion at Albany. He was smart enough to ask for something good while the eyes of the people were still filled with the smoke

of battle. In the same manner Washington was chosen as first President of the United States without a dissenting voice.

When it was ascertained there would be no opposition and his election was accordingly assured, Washington very wisely declined to be a candidate for the office, thereby saving the expense incident to conducting a campaign. He remained at his country home at Mount Vernon, on the southern bank of the Potomac River, anxiously awaiting the surprising news of his election, which he knew could not fail to arrive. At length he received a long-distance call from New York City. Taking up the phone receiver he learned from an enterprising reporter that Congress, which was then doing business on Wall Street, had completed a canvass of the vote and found he had been elected President and John Adams Vice-President. Then, after he had the message repeated to avoid mistakes, he broke the news to Mrs. Washington, who at once began to wonder what she would wear to the inaugural ball.

With becoming reluctance Washington accepted the position proffered him by his countrymen, and hastily climbed into his touring car, which had been kept in readiness at the garage for just such an unexpected emergency. He threw the throttle wide open and in an instant was off for the seat of government, accompanied by half a dozen secret service men and a like number of press representatives. His progress was greatly impeded by the marked attention paid him along the journey by

the persistent office-seekers and bicycle cops. At length, however, he reached New York, where on the 30th day of April, 1789, he was sworn into office. His inaugural address was delivered from the steps of the sub-treasury building, but it was heard with difficulty because of the clamor kept up by the curb brokers.

One of the first questions to engage the attention of the new President and the members of Congress was the fixing of their own salaries. Just as Washington had declined to be President before he accepted the office, so now he did not desire to be paid for his official services, but accepted compensation to avoid wounding the feelings of his supporters. It was agreed he should have twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and each Congressman should have six dollars a day, which scale of wages was satisfactory to the law-makers' union. This allowance was extremely liberal, when it is considered that very few of them could in that day earn the same amount in any other employment.

After consultation with a number of the politicians of his own party, the President announced the members of his Cabinet. At that time there were but four executive departments to provide with heads. Thomas Jefferson was made Secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; Henry Knox, Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney General. It will be observed there was no Postmaster General. The office was created later and offered as a prize to the politician raising the largest campaign fund;

but, as we have before remarked, Washington had no opposition, needed no such fund, and therefore had no political debt of that nature to discharge. Hence no Postmaster General was appointed.

When Hamilton took charge of the affairs of the treasury he found the country's bank account overdrawn to the extent of about twenty-five million dollars. This amount would give us little concern to-day, but at that time it was no easy matter to take care of it. Hamilton set to work to devise some method by which this indebtedness might be met and means procured, also, for current requirements. He very soon restored public confidence by saying to the creditors of the government, "This is an honest debt we owe you, and rather than cheat you out of it, we are willing to owe it to you for all time to come. We propose to give you our promises for the full amount of the indebtedness already contracted, and then sell you some more promises in order to raise a fund to meet our present necessities." This was a masterly stroke, and the inauguration of a financial policy which at once made it possible for the country to owe an unlimited amount.

Hamilton's method of providing for the current expenses of the government by marketing promises has since been so generally adopted by the several States, likewise by county and municipal authorities, that we have become an immensely prosperous and rich people on the strength of our great and accumulating indebtedness. It has, in later years, even become the practice of private corporations

and individuals to capitalize their ability to owe and convert it into ready money. Nor is it at all necessary to arrange for the ultimate redemption of these obligations, for when they mature new ones may be given in exchange for the old, and this process of renewal continued from time to time until the coming of the day of judgment, when, if the advertised program is carried out, all evidences of debt will be destroyed by the high temperature expected to prevail at that time.

In conformity with the plans of the Secretary of the Treasury, different means were resorted to for the collection of an amount sufficient to pay the interest on the debts contracted by the general government, and also to pay himself and others in the public service. The first definite step taken was to levy a tax on domestic whiskey. Every man who was anxious to aid his country devoted such time and means as he could spare to the consumption of this debt-paying fluid, and one's patriotism was measured by the quantity he drank. Americans have in this manner established a record for patriotic zeal seldom equaled. Some, of course, have not given their unqualified sanction to this method of liquidation, while a few temperance grammarians have even gone so far as to call the tax on whiskey a sin-tax.

About the same time that whiskey became a financial agent of the government a mint was established at Philadelphia for the coining of the precious metals. The mint and the whiskey being thus brought together in the service of the country, the

combination led to the accidental discovery of the mint-julep, which has ever since been regarded as an unfailing cure for poverty. Those who are familiar with the use of this favorite remedy tell us that it matters not how poor a man may be, when it is taken in sufficient quantities this wonderful concoction produces a condition of boundless affluence, the patient becoming the owner of everything in sight.

As another means of assisting the United States treasury the levying of duties on imports was adopted. This method was then held to be desirable because it was believed it would afford a much needed temporary protection to America's infant industries. The principal difference between a direct and an indirect tax is that they are called by different names. A tax is paid annually and is usually collected by an officer of the government, who makes no attempt to deceive you; a duty is paid daily and is ofttimes extracted from your pockets without your realizing what is happening. A tax is compulsory, and must be paid whether you are disposed to do so or not; a duty is voluntary and may be avoided by any one who is content to live without food or raiment.

There was a time when the question as to who really pays the tariff was a most fruitful theme of political discussion. In recent years, however, we have not been so much concerned about who pays it as about who gets it.

During the administration of Washington the United States made rapid strides in material devel-

opment. In some of the States lying immediately along the Atlantic seaboard the population became so dense that a week seldom passed without some traveler being seen on some one of the main thoroughfares between the more important cities and towns. This congested condition became unbearably oppressive to the older settlers who had been accustomed to plenty of elbow room. Besides, it adds considerably to the cost of living to be so situated that your every-day life is subject to the critical gaze of your neighbors. One has to wear better clothes and more of them, and do a great many things that might be omitted if dwelling in solitary seclusion. The result of this overcrowding was that a great number of people began looking to the unoccupied territory of the West.

Until about the year 1790 it was all a question of immigration, then it became one of emigration. The majority of those who contracted the "western fever," as it was called, made their way to the State of Ohio, which was at that time as badly infested by Indians and wild animals as it is now by Republicans and office-seekers.

At the end of Washington's first term the question arose as to his eligibility to re-election. The Constitution was silent on that point, but, since the President happened to be in favor with the people, it was, of course, decided that he should remain on the job. Had the first President incurred the displeasure of the majority public sentiment would doubtless have framed an unwritten law that no

man should hold the office for more than a single term.

Again Washington had no opposition and therefore no difficulty in repeating his performance of winning by a unanimous vote. While in some respects that was very gratifying, yet he missed a good deal in never being permitted to experience the satisfaction of beating some one else in a political contest, and the people were deprived of the excitement incident to an active Presidential campaign such as we now have. It was, moreover, a hardship on the political camp-followers, who quadrennially get a summer's board and car-fare for loafing round national headquarters under the false pretense of conducting an educational campaign.

If there ever was a pension department worked over-time, it is the one conducted by the national committees of the several parties. All the personal followers of the chairman who happen to be out of a job and anxious for remunerative indolence are paid to look wise and issue political forecasts, based on their own ignorance and the supplemental misinformation sent in from time to time by their stupid and partisan field-agents.

There is still another army of parasites known as "spell-binders." These ranters are usually chosen on account of their lung power, and are taught to make a noise like political reform. The only thing that prevents them from invariably accomplishing the defeat of the candidate they represent is the fact that his opponent is in most cases

advocated by a like number of wind pedlers quite as bad, if not worse, and it is hard to vote against both. That Washington was twice unanimously elected was doubtless due to the fact that no public speaking was done in his behalf, otherwise some votes would surely have been cast against him.

The last four years of Washington's administration were comparatively uneventful. The people were busy and fairly well satisfied. It was only necessary to let them alone, and that Washington was wise enough to do.

When the close of his second term was reached Washington's relatives and some others were of the opinion that he should still be kept at the head of the government, but he did one of the sanest things of his career when he declined the honor and pronounced himself unalterably opposed to a three-term rule. It is a wise man who knows when to get off, without waiting for the conductor to call out his station. It was not a sure thing that Washington would be again elected if he consented to run for the place, for toward the close of his administration considerable opposition had developed to his policies. Who can say that the mere possibility of some rival candidate securing a majority of the votes had nothing to do with George's decision against a third term? He was human. His successor stood for the same things and got all the votes that would have been cast for Washington, and perhaps some that would have been cast against him, yet he went in by a majority of only three electoral votes over his nearest oppo-

nent. This merely suggests that Washington may have read the political skies with prophetic vision, and this makes it difficult to draw the line between his modesty and his timidity. At any rate, whatever the motive may have been, he won our eternal gratitude by establishing a precedent that has since been useful in blocking the aspirations of other two-termers who were perfectly willing to take a chance on breaking the long-distance record. Some of us can indeed recall times when we had occasion to regret deeply that Washington had not taken a decided stand against a second term, and thus have provided an argument against the renomination of some Presidents we have had.

CHAPTER X

ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN ADAMS

During the latter term of Washington's Presidency a misunderstanding arose between France and England of sufficient importance, as they seemed to feel, to justify an effort toward mutual extermination. Having recently come to our assistance when the pugnacious John Bull was trying to punch the head off the then inexperienced Uncle Sam, France very naturally looked to America for like assistance; but there was nothing doing in that line. Washington said, "We must hold ourselves aloof from European wars. We must mind our own business." It was all right for France to make our fight her business, but that, you know, was different. The theory of Washington was that we should never hitch up with another government unless we happened to need it in our business.

All Americans were not agreed concerning the attitude we should assume toward France. They are never all agreed about anything. Some thought it a good time to pay off our debt to France, and others still had been fighting the Indians and the English for so long a time it had gotten to be a habit with them, and they welcomed

any good excuse to hurt somebody. As a result the people became more than ever before divided into two political factions, and for the first time in our national existence we had a real political contest when it came to electing Washington's successor. The administration forces groomed John Adams and entered him as the representative of the "My Policies" stables. He went to the post a long favorite over Thomas Jefferson, a promising colt that had shown good speed at shorter distances. Adams won, but not in a walk, nor even in a canter. The long-legged, sorrel-topped Virginian gave him the race of his life and was at his heels when he passed under the wire.

President Adams was a native of Massachusetts, in which State he was born in the year 1735, at Braintree—a tree that is far too rare, and whose cultivation should be encouraged by the Department of Agriculture. Block-heads may be made from any kind of wood, but Presidential timber should be hewn only from the brain tree. The grandfather of John Adams was one of eight sons. No wonder John was elected, if he got the vote of the entire Adams family.

While President Adams was a man of acknowledged culture and ability, his administration was not fruitful of any act which marked it as particularly brilliant. It must, however, be remembered that he was greatly handicapped by the fact that he was the candidate of the administration, and was elected on the pledge that he would carry out its policies. A man who goes into office tied hand

and foot by the promise that he will attempt to be nothing more than an authorized imitation of his predecessor has a slim chance to make a name for himself. If he keeps his pledge, he simply follows in a beaten path and gets no credit for anything he may do; and if he does not keep it, and fails to win the people over to the independent course he may elect to pursue, he is called a traitor and an ingrate. To get a conspicuous place in political history one must do something different from the other fellow. Of course the man who keeps the affairs of the government moving along in a quiet and orderly manner may be the best kind of a President, but what is the use of being President if you are not to be talked about? And what is the use of doing the best thing for the government if you are to get no personal glory out of it?

The truth is, very little occurred while Adams was working at the Presidency. The best thing that happened was that nothing happened to happen. For a while it looked as if France and the United States might be signed up for a bout, but fortunately a very shrewd gentleman, named Napoleon Bonaparte, about that time acquired a controlling interest in the French government and called off the contest. He had enough sense to see it was better for his purposes to have the United States remain neutral than drive them into a friendly alliance with her (France's) arch-enemy, Great Britain.

It was in the last year of Adams's Presidential attempt that the seat of government was moved to

Washington. In New York the distractions of Wall Street and the Great White Way interfered with the conduct of public business, while in Philadelphia it was difficult to get a quorum on account of the near-by attractions along the board-walk at Atlantic City. It was therefore believed the public officials would have fewer temptations on the banks of the Potomac River, there being no diversion there to speak of except fishing, and that for the summer months only.

One wing of the Capitol building was now ready to be occupied. Of course we could not expect to have a well-balanced Congress while it had the use of only one wing. It did not make as much progress as noise.

Many dissensions had arisen among the people, some even in the President's Cabinet; all this had a tendency to stimulate politics, for politics thrives on discord. A statesman becomes a politician whenever his views meet with serious opposition.

The so-called anti-federalists were casting about for a name that would more effectually commend them to the common people at the approaching election, for the common people were in the majority. They have always outnumbered the uncommon, which accounts for the deep concern felt for them by the candidate for office. At length they began to call themselves Republicans, or Democrats, and, to catch them going and coming, their organization was termed the Democratic-Republican party.

At that time there was no distinction whatever made between Democrats and Republicans. While they are supposed to be widely separated, the truth is there are few who can tell the difference between them to-day. There is no trouble, of course, to tell to which party our leading politicians belong, for they are separated by a very substantial fence. The political clover patch is enclosed; the Republicans are inside the fence and the Democrats are outside, and it is this partition upon which they are working when we hear politicians speak of giving attention to their political fences.

John Adams was a poor fence builder. When his four years' lease expired the rails were badly scattered Thomas Jefferson had rallied the hungry outsiders and threatened to invade the unprotected field.

In 1800 Adams was renominated by the Federalists, with Charles Pinckney as his running mate. The Republicans put up Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. How painful it must be to the Jeffersonian Democrats of this generation to know that the first time their political idol was elected President he ran as a Republican! And he did some very tall running too. He and Burr finished a dead heat eight laps ahead of the other pair.

The Democratic-Republican candidates easily beat their opponents, but they had not beaten each other, which put it up to Congress to determine who should have the first prize and who second money. Again the result was a tie. After thirty-

six ballots Jefferson won out and Burr became Vice-President.

It was a good chance for some poor Congressman to make a little money, but we do not say it was done.

CHAPTER XI

JEFFERSON AND MADISON

The election of Jefferson came as an affirmative reply to the campaign inquiry, "Shall the People Rule?" He was of aristocratic birth and the possessor of a pretentious lineage. In his early manhood Jefferson was afflicted with the manners and habits of a dude, but this he outgrew and became the commonest leader of the common people. "Me for the simple life" was his war cry, for the simple people were largely in the majority.

Jefferson washed the powder from his face, and never put it on again. He ripped the lace from his coat, made carpet-rags of his fancy waistcoat, substituted leather shoe strings for silver buckles and full-length, home-spun trousers for satin knickerbockers. By a marvelous transformation the painted and perfumed fashion plate became the organizer of the one-gallows gang.

On the occasion of his inauguration he declined the use of the official carriage, and rode along Pennsylvania Avenue astride an ordinary plug, which had neither gift of gait nor pride or pedigree. There was no liveried groom nor stable

chambermaid to attend him. He simply fell in with the crowd and became one of the boys.

Upon reaching the Capitol he hitched his horse to a wireless telegraph pole, delivered a brief inaugural address and forthwith returned to the White House for business. Those of our readers who failed to attend this function missed one of the best things of its kind ever pulled off in the city of Washington.

The etiquette of the White House was likewise subjected to radical modification. All formal functions were abandoned and the red tape which had been so much in evidence was wrapped in moth-balls and stored in the basement. The principal duties of the President's Social Secretary were to sweep off the front porch and shake out the door-mat. Anybody could get an audience, but not always an office.

Even the White House table was simplified; there was no *tortue verte a l'Anglaise,* but just plain, old-fashioned soup. Instead of *pommes de terre* potatoes were served, while Virginia Smithfield ham, corn bread and buttermilk completed the menu.

Jefferson's administration was distinctly partisan. And why should not all administrations be the same? The purpose of an election is to determine what the people want. When they express a preference for a certain kind of government there is but one thing to do; give it to them, and give them plenty of it, even if it does make them sick.

While serving as President Jefferson conducted

an extensive real estate business. France had acquired from Spain a large boundary of land known as the Louisiana Territory, which Napoleon, who was in immediate need of a little money, was offering for sale at a great bargain. Jefferson bought it for the United States, paying, it is alleged, the sum of fifteen millions of dollars. At any rate that is the price at which the transaction was entered on the books, and the sum which was withdrawn from the treasury.

This deal, strange to say, has never been investigated by a Congressional Committee hunting for graft. The purchase proved to be a most profitable one, and certainly no one could complain of giving fifteen millions for more than one-fourth of our entire territory, when we have since given the same country forty millions for an unfinished hole in the ground at Panama.

The acquisition of this new territory greatly stimulated further explorations and settlements in the far West. A company of fur dealers, managed by one John Jacob Astor, of New York, established the town of Astoria on the Pacific coast, which proved to be an immensely profitable trading post. Thus the elder Astor laid the foundation of a vast estate by buying and selling skins, and some of the tenants of his wealthy descendants claim the Astors are still running a skin game.

It was while Jefferson was President that the political quarrels of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr became so bitter that they found it impossible for both of them to occupy the same

world at the same time. They agreed therefore to engage in a shooting match to determine which one should vacate. It fell to Hamilton's lot to depart, and thus ended his brilliant career. Hamilton wielded a ready and forceful pen. He was the author of many of his own writings, as well as of some of the best speeches Washington ever delivered.

Because he proved to be a better shot than Hamilton, Burr was hunted from one hiding place to another until finally captured, tried and acquitted, though never forgiven. If Hamilton had been more expert at the game he undertook to play with guns, the whole story might have been reversed. Strange as it may seem, the relative skill of these two men in the art of trigger-pulling determined once for all which one history should record as the murderer and which one the martyr.

Jefferson was encored at the end of his first term and compelled to do it over. Before the close of his administration a great many things happened, some of them on his account, and some in spite of him.

It was about this time that Robert Fulton invented the automatic water-wagon. His was the first successful attempt to build a boat that would do its own paddling, and did not give a cent which way the wind might blow.

After Jefferson's retirement from the Presidency he founded the University of Virginia, an institution which has turned out many notable men.

Its reputation might have been better if some of them had been turned out sooner.

James Madison, who succeeded Jefferson as President, was, like the latter, elected by a large majority. It is related that on the occasion of his inauguration he wore an American-made suit of clothes, manufactured from home-grown wool. Being an advocate of a high protective tariff, he did this, we are told, to emphasize his purpose to give ample protection to the American lambs against the pauper sheep of other countries.

About the only event of Madison's administration deserving of special mention was the second war between the United States and Great Britain. To the signal victory of the Americans in that conflict every well-informed Englishman points with pardonable pride. The trouble grew out of the practice of English vessels in taking seamen from American ships and pressing them into service, unless they could prove they were not subjects of Great Britain. To be sure, then, as now, every man was eager to refute the charge that he was an Englishman, but the proof was not always at hand.

The American people who were not more interested in the profits of commerce than in the protection of American citizenship agreed that this impressment should be stopped. On the advice of Madison Congress accordingly declared war on June 18th, 1812.

That war of 1812 was a peculiar sort of struggle. Most Americans seem to have very little accurate knowledge of it; at any rate it is not their

favorite topic of conversation. American historians shy at the story, and pass it over with scant consideration. Such brief account as may be given is directed to the naval operations, while as a matter of fact the engagements on land made up the larger part of the encounter.

We have schooled ourselves to speak of it as a magnificent triumph of American arms; yet out of the mysterious silence that has been steadfastly maintained a well-defined suspicion has come that we did not administer the most severe chastisement. Not that there was any difficulty whatever about our punishing England, and punishing her well, but somehow we just did not have the heart to do it.

When one reads of the different battles and observes how we so often declined to do anything to wound our foreign guests he cannot fail to appreciate American chivalry.

There was one commander, however, who was woefully lacking in military courtesy: that was General Jackson. He seemed to get it into his head that there was no harm in bagging a few Red Coats in the open season. He faced the English at New Orleans, where his ill-mannered men pointed their guns straight at the enemy when they fired. The result was the English became disgusted and refused to fight any longer.

In 1814 English and American commissioners came together and arranged a treaty of peace, which provided for running a line between the United States and the British possessions in Amer-

ica. Until that time few people had ever heard it intimated there was any trouble about this line. It remained therefore for the Commission to advise the soldiers what they were fighting about. The question of impressment, about which they thought they were fighting, was overlooked entirely in the final settlement.

This is perhaps the only time on record where the victorious party got whipped, and in the concluding treaty yielded the only point for which it had contended.

We must be excused from saying more concerning the war of 1812, for a truthful account of that conflict adds nothing to the glory of American arms, and this book refuses to be either untruthful or un-American.

CHAPTER XII

FROM MONROE TO BUCHANAN

After Madison had drawn eight years' salary from the United States Government the privilege was transferred to another Virginian who needed money. On March 4th, 1817, James Monroe backed up his moving van at the door of the White House and proceeded to unload his goods and chattels.

Other Presidents had added to their prestige by enlarging the territory of the United States; so, for the want of something easier to do Monroe followed the example and bought an alligator farm at the southeastern extremity of our possessions, known as the Florida Peninsula. Aside from this, the principal thing he did to keep his memory green was to take out letters patent on a new political doctrine to which he gave his own name. By the Monroe Doctrine it was declared that the American continent should not thereafter be further subject to colonization by European powers. It was as safe to say that as to declare that England should not be colonized by the Laplanders, for, outside the territory belonging to the United

States, practically all the habitable portions of both North and South America were already staked out and claimed by the European nations.

It was lucky for Monroe that it had not occurred to the Indians to lay down that doctrine before his ancestors came over from the other side. Had the Red Skins stationed a reception committee at Ellis Island and other points of landing, with instructions to enforce the Monroe Doctrine with their tomahawks against all European colonizers, we might now have fewer evidences of modern civilization, but the fishing and hunting would certainly be better.

How like the human animal it is for one to become convinced a certain practice is wrong after he has gotten all he can out of it and some one else proposes to do the same! When the Monroe family had gathered its full share of American colonization James thought it time to hang out the "Seats All Taken" sign. Just as our highly self-esteemed and nearly generous Scottish-American citizen, Andrew Carnegie, after skimming all the cream his own vessels will hold, sees no earthly reason why Uncle Sam should longer bother about keeping a protective-tariff cow.

It was in the latter part of Monroe's administration that the question of slavery made its first professional appearance on the political stage. Maine and Missouri rang the bell of the Union and sent in their cards at the same time. The former was

as pronounced in its opposition to slavery as the latter was in favor of it. The Free-State members of the family said to Missouri, "You cannot come in," while the Slave-States said to Maine, "We have enough of your kind in the house already." The Congressional Record of the period does not read like the minute book of a love feast. The controversy was long, loud and lacerating. Then an agreement was reached under which both territories were permitted to come into the Union, the opinion prevailing that they would counterbalance each other, and thus maintain the parity of the pros and antis as it had previously existed; with the further provision that all the rest of the Louisiana Purchase should forever remain free territory. Congress put itself on record as declaring the institution of slavery to be all right in Missouri but an unpardonable iniquity north of 36° 30′. The line between sin and righteousness was never more definitely drawn.

At the conclusion of Monroe's second term the electoral vote was distributed among four different patriotic individuals who expressed a willingness to assume the arduous duties of the office. No one of them secured a majority; the result therefore was for the second time left to be determined by Congress. John Quincy Adams was finally chosen; but the selection was not immensely popular, for he had not polled the largest popular vote. It was indeed intimated by some that the methods adopted

by Congress in determining the controversy would have done credit to a modern State Legislature in selecting a United States Senator; an insinuation which, of course, was indignantly resented by the now almost extinct species of American citizen who believes Congress can do no wrong.

The new President was not personally objectionable; but, being the son of his father, John Adams, the second President, many of the common people had serious misgivings concerning the genuineness of his democratic spirit. He was a man of scholarly attainments, but by no means an accomplished politician. Nor was the period of his official career overburdened with achievement. The story of his four years' endeavor might be omitted entirely from the history of the country without seriously disturbing the connection.

Like his distinguished father, the second Adams managed to keep all the political enemies he had at the beginning of his term and to add sufficiently to their number to prevent his re-election. His followers were obliged to renominate him to justify their former stand in his behalf; but this time the opposition was united and put up Andrew Jackson on a straight Democratic ticket—that is to say as straight as anything can be in politics. He made a hot fight, won out and went into office on March 4th, 1829.

Old Hickory, as Jackson was called on account of his toughness, believed that the offices at his

disposal should all be filled by the best men obtainable; and he also believed, even more firmly, that the best men obtainable were all Democrats. It was not long, therefore, till the politicians of his own party were feeding at the government trough, while those who had been in charge were required once more to work for a living. He declared that in politics, as in war, "to the victor belongs all he can spoil," or as the same idea used to be expressed by the early hunters, "the horns and the tail go with the hide."

In 1837 Martin Van Buren succeeded Jackson in the Presidency. We are told that he followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. It could not have been a difficult task to locate the trail, for Andy had a way of putting his brogan down with a firmness that made a distinct impression. At the end of Van Buren's term it was his boast that the country did not have a national debt nor a national bank. Since then both institutions have come into existence, and both have attained enormous proportions. Whether the national debt is the cause or effect of our banking system we cannot undertake to answer in a book that retails for a dollar and fifty cents.

The administration of the next President, William Henry Harrison, was perhaps freer from mistakes than that of any one else who ever held the office. He lived only thirty days after his inauguration, and was the first Chief Executive of

the United States who was considerate enough to give his understudy a chance to show what he could do. It was the first time the people had been afforded an opportunity to cash a bet on the second-choice entry.

No one who voted for John Tyler as Vice-President expected him to occupy the White House: in this they were mistaken. When he became President no one thought his administration would amount to anything: this time everybody guessed right. It had never occurred to the American people that John Tyler was a really great man until the year 1908, when he was tardily awarded his proper place among the few who have made the world famous. In that year a reunion of the Tyler family was held in the State of Virginia, when a resolution, offered by Lyon G. Tyler, was adopted, in which it was declared that the Tylers constituted the most illustrious branch of the human family, and that President John Tyler was the most wonderful product of all the ages.

The opposing candidates for the high office at the next election were Henry Clay and James K. Polk. The former had, in an unguarded moment, expressed himself as preferring to be right than to be President; and the people, having gotten the impression that he could not be both, in conformity with his expressed desire, did not insist overmuch on his taking the job, but conferred it on Polk, who made no effort to conceal the fact that he would

rather be President than have all the human virtues.

It is doubtless a good thing to be right, and we would not discourage the few who are consistently working at it, but think of the opportunities the President has to do the people good!

There were other Presidents between the administration of Polk and the eventful period beginning in the year 1861, but we do not recall who they were, nor do we find their names recorded in any of the first-class histories or almanacs to which we have access. It is not important, however, that they should be remembered, for they accomplished nothing within the period of their official lives. The kindest attention that can be shown to some people is to forget them.

The inquiry will naturally be made, did the people of the United States during that period accomplish nothing but the election of their Presidents? And have we no history outside the events which happened in connection with the occupancy of that office? In reply it must be admitted that within the half century last mentioned many men and women lived and died who never knew what it was to preside over the destinies of this great country; and some of them were very worthy citizens, too. Just as there are multitudes in the United States to-day who hold no office and yet are at times most useful. Without them it would not be possible to have political mass-meetings or torch-light processions.

It was in this period of comparative quiet that the first railroad construction began. It cannot be said that trains were run for many years thereafter, for they traveled at a pace which would not justify the use of a descriptive term implying speedy movement. They did not "run." In making application for the charter of a road to be built between Baltimore and Wheeling it was boldly declared that upon its completion trains would be able to move from one of these cities to the other at the average rate of four miles an hour for the entire distance. This was, of course, looked upon as the wild exaggeration of an over-zealous promoter, which few believed would ever be realized. And yet, at the beginning of the twentieth century, all passenger trains, and some of the fast freights, running over the Baltimore and Ohio road between those points were actually scheduled to maintain an average speed even in excess of four miles an hour.

In 1844 the invention of Professor Morse was put into practical operation and the first telegraphic communication was established between Washington and Baltimore. Shortly thereafter the lines were extended in many directions, thus making it possible to gather and distribute more news than the average Ladies' Aid Society. Not many years later Cyrus W. Field, an enterprising New York store-keeper, conceived the idea of opening up a similar rapid communication with the European countries by means of a submarine cable, thereby enabling us to convey to the English our fluctuating opinions of them without having to

wait for the passage of the slow-going vessels which carried the mail.

There is little satisfaction in hating a people if you are not in a position to tell them of it before your wrath has time to abate. Curses, like cakes, lose their flavor when they grow cold. It is for that reason that every wife insists upon having a telephone direct from the home to her husband's office. When the desire comes over her to quote to him her latest estimate of his worth, especially on a declining market, she does not care to wait till the close of the day lest her opinion may change. It gives her infinite relief to call him up that she may call him down without delay.

During the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren there was much wild speculation and resultant disaster, due to the unsettled and inadequate monetary regulations then prevailing. As incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that our public officials at that time knew as little about the principles of finance and banking as they did in the first decade of the twentieth century.

The recognized authorities tell us our currency has never been sufficiently elastic. "Elasticity" is defined by a standard lexicographer as "the tendency to rebound." What, therefore, our leading financiers desire is a species of money that will rebound with greater dexterity. In times of panic, when the market value of securities goes down and the interest rate goes up, a few of our philanthropic men, like J. Pierpont Morgan, who have been unselfishly devoting their time to the accumu-

lation of great wealth to meet just such an emergency, rush forth at the psychological moment to dump their bags of gold into the break in the levee, thus averting the threatened devastation of the entire commercial area. These public benefactions, whereby the country is periodically rescued, win the plaudits of the people. But when the flood has subsided and from the calm repose of a restored confidence we look again upon the scene it will be seen that in performing this generous and heroic feat they made use of an "elastic" currency, which quickly rebounded, carrying with it a liberal portion of the alien currency with which it mingled on its brief errand of mercy.

But we are told the country should be provided with a currency of still greater elastic quality, and at the same time both magnetic and cohesive, that it may come back more speedily and carry with it yet larger accumulations of a kindred substance.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848. The news soon spread broadcast and the wildest excitement prevailed throughout the land. The following year found an army of fortune hunters on the move with their faces turned toward the West, dreaming of the fortunes in store for them. They were in store all right, and in most cases remained there. In a short time California was filled with hopeful strangers, and in some localities the surface was so disturbed by the picks and shovels of the busy prospectors that a stranger would have thought the State broken out with measles. Many of these people would have been better off had they

used their picks to prepare the ground for a crop of corn or potatoes.

Gold is still found occasionally in large quantities by San Francisco aldermen and other public officials who know where to look for it.

CHAPTER XIII

THE UNCIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Presidential term of James Buchanan, which began on the 4th of March, 1857, was marked by nothing of special consequence save the preliminary events which led up to the outbreak of the War between the States.

Concerning that dread struggle, born of human frailty and fraught with human sacrifice, and the brave men on both sides who valiantly fought for what they believed to be the right, we shall have little here to say. The historian may take liberties with those who lived and died in distant days, or even with the men who still survive, but he dare not deal with the departed heroes of a recent tragedy in a manner which comports with the spirit of this book; nor have we the slightest inclination to do so. We shall therefore pass over that dark period in our national existence with the most reverential silence, confining our comments to the causes of the war and some of its permanent results.

Very soon after the first settlements were firmly established in America, some enterprising citizens embarked in the importation of African slaves. No one in this country being engaged at that time

in the production of slaves, they were admitted free from duty and were so eagerly sought that the traffic became immensely profitable.

When slavery was first introduced into America there was no opposition to it except from those who owned no slaves, and their objection was based on the commercial advantage it was supposed to give to such as made use of them. The institution itself was indeed seldom discussed except in its commercial aspect, just as the market price of mules and other pastoral ornaments were talked about.

For some reason, climatic or otherwise, the people of the Northern States have from the beginning shown a more decided inclination to cultivate the acquaintance of the almighty dollar than have the people of the South. Therefore it did not require the experience of many years to demonstrate to these men of keen monetary perception that the dark and aromatic human species, the negro, could not be grown and utilized profitably in the bleak New England climate. He was not constructed for the indoor occupations of that region, nor could he be readily induced to venture far from the glow of the kitchen fire when the frost was on the pumpkin-pie tree.

The discovery of these symptoms of incurable hearth-stone devotion and unmistakable reluctance to toil save when limbered by the genial and penetrating rays of a tropical sun, brought the Yankee slave-owner into a serious state of meditation and prayer. His conscience, no longer restrained by

mercenary considerations, found scope for activity and accordingly began to bestir itself. His heart was touched by the pathetic picture of these poor dependent creatures, abducted from their luxuriant homes of ease and refinement in the far-off jungles of Africa, and here made to toil for their food and raiment, just like the poor white trash of European birth. Instead of the delicate and invisible Salome costume with which they decorated their mahogany forms in the distant land of sunshine and boa constrictors, they were compelled to wear the ordinary fabrics of cotton and wool, and instead of feasting on cocoanuts and each other, with an occasional fricasseed shipwrecked sailor on Sunday, they were given nothing to eat but the meats, vegetables and fruits of a Southern plantation.

Realizing for the first time the sore oppression of his brother in black, the New Englander determined to be no longer a party to this national crime. No public proclamation, however, was made of his deep-seated religious conviction. He simply whispered to himself, "If it be a sin to own slaves, then I shall get rid of mine." The Southern plantation being the only market in which their sins could be unloaded at a fair profit, there was a steady migration in that direction until all the slaves became residents of that section. Shortly thereafter certain localities, like all recent converts, began to contend zealously for the new faith into which they had come, and clamor for the liberation of the slave. Thus the negro passed out of the

low realms of commerce into the higher and better realms of politics and religion.

It has always been the practice of civilized man to argue about business, quarrel about politics, and fight about religion. We can therefore easily see that the delegate from Africa was fast becoming a *casus belli,* which being freely interpreted, means a poor excuse for a foolish fight.

The two factions lined up and began to train for the scrap by making faces and calling each other hard names. It is simply out of the question to think of getting the best results out of a fuss without that sort of preliminary practice. Even in an ordinary bull fight the first essential is to get the leading animal in the show intensely infuriated.

Those who contended for the freedom of the slaves were called Abolitionists. They were worked up to that pitch that something just had to be destroyed. If they could not abolish slavery, they proposed to abolish the slave-holder.

But the people in the South got on the war-path, too. Not because they cared so much for the loss of their colored chattels, for most of them had long since learned that it required the services of at least two able-bodied negroes to produce what one would consume, but they did not propose to have other people tell them what they should or should not do. The super-heated blood of the Southern people had little chance to cool off; for the winters were short and they were not making ice by artificial methods in that day. The question then arose whether one or more States of the Union could con-

tinue a practice which was condemned by the other States. The slave-holding States declared that if they could not control their own affairs as members of the firm, they would dissolve the partnership, and act for themselves, but this the North insisted they had no right to do. Thus the whole controversy resolved itself into a question of the right of one State to fight against another, and the impulsive South insisted that she intended to have the right to fight, even if she had to fight to procure it. And fight they did.

What happened and how it ended everybody knows, though they do not all tell the same tale about it. The people of the North claim they whipped the Rebels, while the Confederates insist they simply wore themselves out mopping the earth with the Yankees. At any rate there was little to be gained by the victors, for when the end came the South had nothing left to surrender.

The people who suffered the greatest loss were the poor black creatures who lost their homes. It was like driving a herd of cattle from the pasture that they might enjoy the liberty of the commons. The negroes soon found that the plantation rations were not being issued with the same regularity as when they were supplied by their old masters. The smoke-house was locked and the chickens began to roost higher. To provide a roof for shelter, the raiment necessary to guard against sun-burn and freckles, and to keep the cupboard stored with such materials as were required to pass through the liberal openings in the counte-

nances of the pickaninnies to satisfy the cravings of their elastic food repositories—all these were phases of free and untrammeled citizenship which had never before been given serious consideration by these newly made Americans. There was many a well-stretched hide that began to wrinkle and many a complexion that lost its polish for want of internal greasing. Slavery was wiped out and no one ever regretted it, except some of those who had thrust upon them the burdens of freedom.

To provide against any possible renewal of the racial relation which had been abolished as a result of the war, the politicians got busy and secured the adoption of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, which makes slavery forever unlawful in the United States. In this amendment the precaution was taken to define the thing prohibited as "involuntary servitude," to distinguish it from the voluntary variety into which men enter when they contract marriage, against which the Constitution affords no protection.

When it was later discovered that some of the proud Caucasians of the South still clung to the delusion that they were superior to their ebony fellow-citizens, the dominating party secured further legislation whereby the parity of the two races was fixed beyond all possibility of future misunderstanding. The fourteenth amendment to the Constitution made it perfectly plain that the negro was just as good as any other American citizen, and better than the men who had fought for the Confederacy, for certain privileges were denied the

latter until first subjected to political disinfection and fumigation by the Federal board of health.

Prior to that time the people had not realized what miracles could be wrought by means of constitutional amendments. The omnipotence of legal enactment being thus demonstrated, it seems a pity that its elevating influence was not further extended throughout the animal kingdom. It would have been a graceful and humane act to lift the load of humiliation from the lowly jackass, an animal that has always been a beast of burden and denied social recognition in the equine four hundred, by declaring him the equal of the favored and feted Kentucky thoroughbred, and hence entitled to all the consideration shown the latter. Slowly but surely the lower animals are coming into a better estate by the official sanction of our rulers. By one administration bruin's despised cubs were made household pets, while by another the 'possum, with his idiotic grin and unvarnished tail, has become the welcome guest in every patriotic home. The frown of pessimism is replaced by the smile of possumism.

At the close of the war there was little left of the South except the dismembered remnants of its former self. These pieces had to be gathered up and the whole thing made over. Generations were required for its material rebuilding, but the section was immediately invaded by an outside delegation who undertook a sweeping political and social reorganization. This effort is known in history as Reconstruction.

The active workers in this movement now appeared on the scene for the first time. They had been in hiding while the fighting was going on, and had accumulated a surplus of courageous energy—while reposing in their storm cellars—which they felt it was perfectly safe to work off in the South after the muskets had been put away.

These reformers were called by the Almighty, or some one else, to act as a reception committee to the newly installed American citizens, and incidentally to pick up anything that might be lying around loose that was worth carrying off. The purpose of these unselfish patriots could best be accomplished by holding office, and so they proceeded consistently to hold office.

These peripatetic statesmen were locally known as Carpet-baggers; not tramps, for tramps are sometimes honest. By coaching the liberated slaves they very soon changed the negro's ignorance into arrogance, which brought on an epidemic, causing the colored death rate to advance several points, and at the same time greatly increased the demand for wooden tombstones.

CHAPTER XIV

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

Suspecting the pale-faces of the South might have some prejudice against surrendering political control to the negroes in those localities where the latter were in the majority, and might, for that reason, put some obstacle in the way of harvesting the colored vote, the fifteenth amendment was plastered onto the Constitution. While couched in very polite and parliamentary language, its meaning is simply that on election day a coon may legally occupy as much space at the polls as a white man.

The Southern people determined to show proper respect for this latest amendment, though they had not clamored for its adoption, reserving the right, however, to construe it for themselves. They permitted every colored gentleman to vote who *wished* to do so, but it frequently happened that, after listening to the persuasive arguments of his white friends, the desire forsook the said colored gentleman. The unbleached citizen has always been open to conviction and many have been convicted—not enough, but a considerable number. He has been known to change his mind on a mere suggestion. When it was intimated to the average

darky that voting would not be conducive to his longevity he seemed to lose all interest in the result of the campaign and would ofttimes forget to put in an appearance at the polls.

A peculiar thing about the darky is that he has a well-defined aversion to locating permanently in a graveyard. He is therefore disposed to avoid any undue exposure which might be calculated to accelerate his speed in the direction of his last resting place. Instances are recorded where members of his race have suffered heart-failure on account of the violent exercise incident to a voting effort. Citing these cases in advance, with proper emphasis, has been known to diminish the attendance and prevent suffocation at the polls. Not only so, but the negro is exceedingly proud of his highly polished surface, and dreads the thought of losing any part of it. Animated political discussions are reported to have resulted in a partial dislocation of the cuticle, for which reason, also, he often refrains from participating in a close election.

But if, in spite of all these good excuses for remaining at home, the colored man insisted on performing his duty as a sovereign, his ballot was deposited in the ordinary way. It will, however, be observed that the fifteenth amendment establishes no ratio to be followed in counting the white and the colored votes. When, therefore, any danger of political infection was apprehended, the precaution was taken to sterilize the colored ballots as they were removed from the box. Further-

more, the counting was always done at the close of the day, after the sun had gone down, when it is so easy, in the dim twilight, to overlook dark objects.

The government of the United States is founded on the theory that all the people who live under it are equal politically, except the feeble-minded, persons convicted of crime, and women. Some have taken exception to the classification of the women among the excluded. Dr. Mary Walker, Belva Lockwood and other self-made men have sacrificed a great deal of time and modesty combating this discrimination, and Mrs. Mackay and other nervous female celebrities have more recently gotten a good deal of free self-advertising out of their active support of the suffragette movement.

Some of those who oppose female suffrage base their objection on what they see fit to call their "consideration" for the gentler sex, claiming it is not "lady-like" to elbow one's way through the *hoi polloi* waiting at the polling place. In answer to this, it may be cited that Berry Wall and Harry Lehr have voted time and again without losing any of their effeminate standing. Why then should we fear for the weaker sex?

It will not do to allege that women should refrain from taking part in political matters because they lack intelligence, or civic information, for it is admitted that not more than ninety-eight and one-half per cent. of the men who vote can be classed as mental giants, thoroughly versed in the

science of government; yet the remaining one and one-half per cent. are not excluded from the privilege. Surely it will not be contended the women do not compare favorably with the latter! Then why their political silence?

The argument that a general extension of the right of franchise to the women would result in a desertion of the fireside and a woeful neglect of household duties will not bear analysis. It would most likely have just the opposite effect. Husbands would not go out every night for six weeks in advance of an election under the pretense of attending political meetings, if their wives had a good excuse to go with them. When the two heads of the house happened to be of the same political opinion, they could divide time on election day; or, when they differed, as would more often happen, how conveniently they might pair and both stay at home! Besides, they could make all their election bets with each other, and in that way keep the money in the family. The unmarried women would, of course, be unconcerned, for none of them would ever become old enough to vote.

In this country the government consists in the will of the people who vote, and is maintained for the protection of our lives and property. A woman's life is worth as much to her as a man's is to him: why then should she not have something to say about the manner in which it shall be protected or taken? Some women are the owners of property, too. When they pay their taxes and

support their husbands in proper style, why should they not be permitted to have a voice in making the laws which regulate their estates? If a Napoleon of finance, like Mr. Carnegie, has the right to be heard, why not a Josephine, like Hettie Green?

CHAPTER XV

FROM JOHNSON TO ARTHUR

When President Lincoln was assassinated, immediately following the close of the war, Vice-President Andrew Johnson became the Chief Executive. Four years of unremitting struggle had widely separated the North and the South. The hope was therefore indulged that Johnson might be able to sew up the deplorable rent in the political garment, inasmuch as he had been a first-class tailor before he degenerated into politics. But the hope was vain, for in a short while he succeeded in bringing on a bitter fight between himself and Congress, a fight which resulted in an attempt to impeach the President. The effort failed, but Congress hung no medals on the manly bosom of the White House tenant.

Johnson's administration affords little material out of which a thrilling chapter for a history like this might be constructed. The purchase of Alaska from the Russian Government at a marked-down price was about the only thing accomplished. It proved a good investment, for the streams in that territory are abundantly stocked with fish,

which when caught are already packed in ice for shipment.

Johnson was succeeded in office by General Ulysses S. Grant, who had won distinction as the leader of the Federal army; and as we have before stated, it is easy for a military hero to procure office. When President Grant was nominated for re-election in 1872 the dissatisfied members of his own party put up Horace Greeley, a well-known New York journalist, to oppose him. Greeley was endorsed by the Democrats, not because they liked him, but because he was running in opposition to the regular Republican ticket. Mr. Greeley, however, could not run a campaign as successfully as he could run a paper, and was defeated.

It has always been a difficult matter for a journalist or author to get into office. The subscriber to a paper falls out with the editor at least once a year,—when he has to pay his subscription,—and the man who writes a book at the same time writes his political epitaph. Greeley was no exception to the rule. He not only had the opposition which naturally belonged to one of his calling, but he likewise cultivated hostility where it was not indigenous. The manner in which he mowed his whiskers, leaving a ragged fringe hanging limp over the edge of his collar—like weeping willows over a whitewashed fence—did not add to the beauty of his countenance, nor excite the admiration of the passing landscape gardener, and the transverse crease in his trousers, of ancient vintage, shocked

the ultra-fashionable. Furthermore, he had the annoying habit of telling the truth—a most unusual and impolitic thing in a public man. Most persons do not wish to have ugly things printed about them. It is bad enough to have such things said, when they can be forgotten or denied, but it is infinitely worse to have them set in cold type to which one's enemies may point in after years.

Greeley advised young men to go West. In this he was misunderstood. Inasmuch as he failed to go himself, the boys thought he was trying to get them out of the way that he might have the East all to himself. Some took a few doses of his advice and shook the Atlantic States, but when they had proceeded as far as Missouri the ague in turn shook them. Many returned to their old homes, while others were left there, because it was cheaper to bury them than to get doctors' certificates and pay the freight on their inanimate bodies. That bit of advice lost Greeley many votes. The emigrants who returned voted against him, those who remained in the West had no part in the election, for dead ones are voted only by the party in power when they are needed.

Of course Greeley meant no harm in telling the people to go toward the setting sun, but it was an indiscreet suggestion to be made by a man of his experience. One cannot be too careful about telling people where to go, for they like to select their own climate. Many a man has been rudely called to account for being too free in the matter of issuing passports to an unpopular destination. The

safe practice is to leave the selection of a *dernier ressort* to the party contemplating its use. Greeley got some votes, to be sure, but not enough to interfere with his work on his paper.

The close of President Grant's second term witnessed one of the most remarkable occurrences in the political history of our country. Rutherford B. Hayes became President of the United States without being elected to the office, thereby demonstrating a political ability which was not possessed by any of his predecessors. It is not a difficult thing to step into a position to which one has been called by the electorate, but to take charge of as good a place as the Presidency when it belongs to another is a performance worthy of profound admiration. Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, was chosen by the voice of the people, but a Democratic voice had not been heard for so long it was not recognized.

As if he felt he was occupying a position that belonged to some one else, Hayes made little or no use of the prerogatives of the office. The student of history is not burdened when he undertakes to remember all that Mr. Hayes accomplished while acting as President.

In 1880 James A. Garfield, the nominee of the Republican party, was elected to the Presidency of the United States. He had not been in office quite four months when he was shot down by a half-crazy low-brow, from the effects of which assault he died some sixty days later.

The short time during which he filled the office

was enough to indicate very clearly that Garfield's administration would have been a stormy one had he lived to carry it through. Scarcely had he entered upon his duties when many of the recognized leaders in his own party were loudly proclaiming their disapproval of his avowed policies. The manner in which he was proceeding to make distribution of Federal patronage in certain localities caused no little friction. The two Senators from the State of New York, Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt, had acquired the habit of having their own way, and, like spoiled children, wanted to keep it up. Conkling said, "If I am not to be consulted, I just won't play," and Platt said, "Me too."

At that time Conkling was in the prime of his able and vigorous career. He was a man of splendid attainments and great forcefulness, while Platt was conceded to be second to none in political shrewdness. In their blind conceit they thought the State of New York could not get along without their presence in the United States Senate, hence they resigned and called for a vindication by reelection. But their bluff was called, and they were permitted to remain at home.

The Empire State was so much irritated by the audacity of these two public officials, who undertook to assert that they were indispensable, that she has since taken it upon herself to demonstrate her ability to get along without any one to represent her in the upper house of Congress. During the time this demonstration was being made the

senatorial salaries were paid to the shadowy reminiscence of this same Thomas C. Platt and the inert remnant of Chauncey Depew, who were kept in Washington to vote as directed by certain interests that sent them there. "Our Chauncey," as he was long called by his convivial admirers, was always a humorist and practical joker, but by far the most ludicrous effort he has ever made in that direction was his attempt to impersonate a statesman. Humor is all right in its place, but sending Chauncey Depew to the United States Senate was carrying a joke entirely too far.

Upon the death of President Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, the Vice-President, became Chief Executive. There have been stronger Presidents, and weaker ones, too; Presidents with a better knowledge of the principles of statecraft, and some with less; but no one ever held the office who was better versed in the art of being a gentleman than was Chester A. Arthur. He looked like a gentleman, talked and dressed like one, and, as a matter of fact, was one. He may not have displayed superlative judgment in the selection of his Cabinet, but no man ever had a classier assortment of neckties or a finer line of trousers.

If the United States had ever contemplated a change of form in its government, the change should have been made while Arthur was President. What a handsome and ornamental King he would have made!

CHAPTER XVI

FROM CLEVELAND TO M'KINLEY

The campaign of 1884 was one of the most interesting and spirited through which the country has passed in recent years. The Republican party nominated its favorite son, James G. Blaine, for the Presidency, and felt that the only thing to be determined upon was the size of the majority he would surely receive. Blaine was a man of splendid ability, of attractive personality, and possessed of an unusual amount of that quality so important in political life known as personal magnetism, which made him immensely popular.

There is something significant in the fact that Robert G. Ingersoll, the brilliant apostle of unbelief, who spent his entire life undoing the work of others, was chosen to place the name of Blaine before the nominating convention. In doing so he made one of the captivating orations for which he was famous, in the course of which he referred to his candidate as the "Plumed Knight," a descriptive title which was caught up and worked overtime by the enthusiastic supporters of the ticket. The knightly qualities of Mr. Blaine will never be questioned by any who knew him, but where he got

his feathers is not so easily determined. One thing we know, he engaged in a parrot-and-monkey fight, at the end of which he was a well-plucked bird.

The Democrats selected as their representative in the race a man little known as a national figure, though it must be admitted he was well advertised before the campaign ended. Grover Cleveland had made a fairly good sheriff of Erie County, New York; no prisoners had escaped during his term of office, nor had his bondsmen sustained any loss on account of his default. As Mayor of the city of Buffalo he had shown a capacity for having his own way and permitting no outside interference. These things led up to his election as Governor of the Empire State, and finally he was made the Democratic nominee for President; not on account of any particular fondness the party had for him, but for the sole reason that he seemed to have acquired the habit of winning, and the Democrats had grown tired of losing.

Blaine made a sensational race. He had "the class" and was a showy performer. Cleveland, on the other hand, was awkward in his gait and lacking in speed; but he kept steadily going, though he did not take the lead till near the finish, when his last few powerful strides carried him under the wire a winner by a nose.

The majority by which the Democratic candidate secured the pivotal State of New York was so small that every man who had supported him took to himself full credit for the result. The relative

rights of these claimants were never accurately determined, but it required no court of inquiry to fix the responsibility for Blaine's defeat.

It is interesting to note that while Blaine's Presidential hopes were started, as we have already said, by the speech of a man who had no belief in a future life, they were ended by the cloth-bound utterance of a devout clergyman who believed in little else. What but disaster could come of an endeavor with an agnostic at one end and a sky-pilot at the other!

When the campaign was drawing to a close and the election of Blaine seemed assured, all sorts of people were tumbling over themselves in their haste to declare for the Plumed Knight. It is so human to want to take part in the celebration! A body of clergymen had assembled in New York City. Some one suggested it would be a good thing to call on the man so soon to be the President of the United States and pay him their respects. All agreed and it was arranged they should see the candidate at his headquarters in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel.

On account of his self-confidence and lung power, the Reverend Dr. Burchard was selected as the spokesman of the delegation. He was anxious of course to say something that would attract attention. And he did. When the eventful moment arrived he stepped to the front and from some cavity hidden beneath his high-buttoned coat he poured forth a torrent of words that made his name immortal. Blaine was assured he had the undivided

support of all the "good" people, and those who opposed him were denounced as unrighteous and undesirable altogether. The enemies of good government who had grouped themselves round the opposing candidate were in the most orthodox clerical style divided into three classes. Cleveland's following, it was alleged, consisted of an accursed alliterative alliance, Rum, Romanism and Rebellion.

If Blaine had dared act as his suppressed indignation inclined him to act, the Fifth Avenue Hotel would not have waited till 1908 to be demolished. He was quick to see that the blundering break of Brother Burchard was rank, rotten and ruinous. The Doctor himself was shortly filled with regret, repentance and remorse, while many good Republicans were thrown into a state of rage, resentment and revolt. The tide was turned. Blaine was defeated. Mr. Cleveland has been charged with political ingratitude. That the accusation is not unjustly made would seem to be established by the fact that the good Doctor was never suitably recognized or rewarded by the President he had made.

Since that time Presidential candidates have all shied at visiting delegations, particularly when composed of classes inexperienced in politics. It is only the call of the practical man that is pleasing. Many a man has wished his followers could be muzzled during the closing days of the campaign. One can guard himself against the attacks of his enemies, but is absolutely helpless in the hands of his fool friends.

No man ever went into office followed by a hungrier horde of office seekers than that which gathered round Grover Cleveland when he entered the White House. There had not been a Democratic nose in the public trough for a quarter of a century, so it was no wonder they were all eager for a chance at it. The rush was hard on Grover, and hard on the Democratic members of Congress, too. For years every Democratic congressman had been privately promising every man who voted for him, and every widow, the appointment as postmaster of the community, whenever the opportunity came to make a change in these offices. It was a safe promise; for the failure to make good was consistently charged to the narrow partisanship of the Republican President. But that excuse would not go when Cleveland got in. The people all demanded the jobs for which they had so long been working and waiting, but there were not enough offices to go round, and it was no easy task to explain why the goods were not delivered. In the rural districts political debts may be paid off in garden seeds, but nothing short of a post office is acceptable in the towns and cities.

Cleveland did not exhibit any marvelous burst of speed in his effort to "turn the rascals out," as the act of dispossessing public officials is termed by the fellows waiting for their places. He spent a good portion of his time shooting ducks, when some thought he should have been gunning for Republicans. This of course subjected him to no little adverse criticism, and those who retained office un-

der him came in for their share of abuse as well. No other man is ever fit to hold the job one wants for himself.

The policy of the President may have been best for the country, but it was poor politics, as was shown when he stood for re-election four years later. The Republicans whom he permitted to continue in office were Republicans still, and voted against him when they got the chance to do so, while many Democrats who did not get the places opposed him to get even. And they had their revenge. The verdict of the people at the end of his term was that he should gather up his gun and dog, his fishing rod and bait-jug, and move out.

Benjamin Harrison, the nominee of the Republican party, was elected in 1888. His principal claim to distinction consisted in the fact that he had displayed great wisdom in choosing as his grandfather a man who had been elected to the Presidency, but who had held the office for so short a time that there seemed to be something coming to the family. "Little Ben," as he was called, set up his claim to the contingent remainder of the political estate of William Henry Harrison, and got it. Pending the campaign, he was pictured as parading in his grandfather's hat, many sizes too large for him. Just why no one knows, for grandpa Harrison's head never broke any circumferential records, while as a matter of fact Ben's cupola made him look top-heavy. Architecturally, "Little Ben" was not a pronounced success. His waist-line was too near the pavement; above it, he

was man size; below it, he was only a boy's size. He was usually the shortest man in the crowd when the crowd was standing, but the tallest man among them when everybody sat down. His abbreviated supporting columns gave him a decided political advantage, for the successful politician must never permit his ear to get very far from the ground.

When Harrison became President it appears that John Wanamaker was the highest responsible bidder for the appointment as Postmaster General. Until that time he had been running an apartment store every week day, running a full-page advertisement of his special white goods sales in the papers every Sunday morning, and running a Sunday school every Sunday afternoon. He decided therefore to put in his spare time running for office. Being a business man and having full knowledge of the value of money, he collected and donated the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, which, with some ten or fifteen millions procured from other contribution baskets, was used by the national campaign committee to pay the postage on such literature as could not be franked by the Republican members of Congress without taking too long a chance of being caught. Wanamaker got the appointment of course.

The other members of the cabinet were selected with the same consistent regard for their fitness and recognition of their generous impulses.

The Presidential campaign of 1892 was unique in that the candidates for the office had each already filled it. The public therefore had a pretty

good line on both of them. Between Harrison and Cleveland it was a question as to which had, during his term, succeeded in making the greater number of enemies, and it was impossible to vote against one without helping the other. Cleveland had the advantage. Four years had passed since his retirement from public life, and many who were soured by his administration had died, and others had in a measure forgotten their grievances as well as their pledges that they would see him in Borneo before they would vote for him again. Not so with Harrison. He was still President when the election was held, and the political sores occasioned by his official conduct had not had time to heal, and a majority of the disgruntled ones were still alive. When, therefore, the result was ascertained it was apparent more people had voted against Harrison than against Cleveland.

The second term of Mr. Cleveland was entirely satisfactory to the Republican party, for his administration so effectually disorganized the Democrats it has ever since been difficult for them to get a quorum together on anything. Whether it was a success or failure depends upon one's opinion of the deceased party. The friends of the corpse seldom proffer a vote of thanks or other evidence of appreciation to the attending physician.

During the latter part of the Harrison administration the country began to show symptoms of financial disorder. Some fireside remedies were locally applied, but, no serious attention being paid to the ailment, the trouble spread and deepened

until it finally broke out—a most malignant case of panic, accompanied by high fever and cold feet. The banks, which were created to afford security and stability, were the first to take to the woods when danger threatened. They seemed to think their only duty was to keep the money of their depositors, and they kept it all right, as they are in the habit of doing at such times. A bank, as every one knows, is an institution whose business it is to take care of your money when you do not need it, and take charge of it when you do.

All the civic doctors and political quacks got busy diagnosing the case and prescribing for the patient. Some contended it was all due to defective circulation, which to an extent was doubtless true, but what caused the stagnation was another question. There were unnatural obstructions in the monetary arteries of the body politic, producing what is professionally known as varicose veins in some places, and collapsed ducts in others. These distentions were usually found around Wall Street and other financial centres, while the extremities were practically bloodless.

In every political campaign we hear a great deal about the *per capita* wealth of the country, as if that had anything to do with our business condition. The average amount of wealth every man ought to have does him no good, if his share is in the pocket of some one else. It does not appease my hunger nor clothe my nakedness to have it said that Mr. Carnegie and myself are together worth four hundred millions of dollars, a per capita of

two hundred millions, if he has all of it and I lack the price of a breakfast or a second-hand linen duster. The aggregate wealth of the people of the United States is enormous, but who owns it? Search me!

At any rate, when the election of 1896 drew near everybody was talking finance; and the less they knew the longer and louder they talked. The Republicans were advocating what they called "sound money," which in practice means simply that the multitude may catch the sound of the coin when it jingles in the pockets of the elect. The Democrats were crying for "free silver." That was a catchy slogan: the masses have always been the advocates of everything free. Most churchmen believe in free salvation, and the less it costs them, the better they like it; the free lunch counter has done much to popularize the saloon; most persons jump at the chance to get a free ride, even if they have to walk back through the mud. Just so "free silver" listened good to the moneyless man, and even better to the fellow who does not feel inclined to work for his bread.

It was in this state of low tide in business and high tide in political discussion that the two great parties met in their respective conventions in the summer of 1896 to make their nominations. Some weeks before the convention assembled, Republican sentiment had pretty well crystallized around William McKinley, of the State of Ohio, as the proper man to head the ticket of his party. He was a professional politician who, like many other

public men, had been so busy minding the business of other people that he had neglected his own. The McKinley Bill was his most conspicuous product, but it was by no means the only bill he had made. Some objection was urged to his candidacy because of his indebtedness to numerous creditors and his lack of means to discharge these obligations. But he had a very business-like acquaintance in his native State by the name of Mark Hanna, a man who was ever ready to help a friend or drive a bargain, or, better still, to drive a bargain while helping a friend. Hanna had money of his own, and knew how to get it from others as well. He came to the rescue of the prospective President, paid off his debts and financed his campaign; not without consideration, to be sure, for the advances were amply secured by a mortgage on the administration. It is not an unusual thing for a man to make his mark, but in the case of Mr. McKinley it was different. His Mark made him.

The Democratic convention met in Chicago. Nobody could guess in advance what its platform would be or who its candidate. Few of the delegates knew themselves what they wanted. They were not in favor of the kind of Democratic rule they had recently been having, nor would they hear to a surrender to the Republican party. What they thought they wanted was something new, something different, and "free silver" seemed to be the only thing in sight. The West was for silver, and the West was in command of the situation. The proceedings of the convention were

marked by a diversity of opinion and confusion of speech, until suddenly all eyes were fixed on a new face that appeared on the scene, and all ears were attracted by the sound of a new voice. It must be remembered, too, there were some long ears in that audience. In the midst of the restless multitude stood William Jennings Bryan, the man later known as the Disappearless Leader, a man who had whispered to himself that the time was at hand for him to show the way out of the wilderness. He opened his mouth and spake; and from that day to this he has earned his bread by the sweat of his tongue.

Bryan had scarcely grappled his audience when by a dexterous move he secured a strangle hold and pinned its shoulders to the mat, where it remained helpless till he relaxed his grasp. He was the eloquent champion of free silver and labor. It was on that occasion he first used his famous copyrighted reference to the gold-plated cross and the crown of country-cured thorns with such deadly effect. Since then that speech has been committed to memory by every talking machine in the country.

The scene which followed the delivery of Bryan's great oration is indescribable. Mild-mannered and sedate old men stood on each other's corns, and bellowed till their false teeth flew out. The boys from Butte and Death Valley tangled their spurs in the populistic whiskers of the delegates from the middle West. The women in the galleries stuck their chewing gum under the benches and screamed till they dislocated their

false hair. Nor did the violence of the storm abate till the wild participants were quieted by their own complete exhaustion. The result of this political intoxication is an old story; Bryan, the eloquent Nebraskan, was nominated for the Presidency, even before the delegates had recovered from their turbulent delirium. He was then a mere amateur breaking into the professional ranks. Since then his work has stamped him as the most remarkable long-distance runner in all athletic history. He could out-Marathon Tom Longboat, Johnnie Hayes and Dorando Pietri, running in relays.

During the campaign Bryan journeyed from State to State, the multitudes gathering wherever he appeared, that they might catch a glimpse of this liberal dispenser of harmonious words. Meanwhile McKinley sat on his porch in Canton and smiled a gracious how-do-you-do to the comparatively few pilgrims who gathered there to greet him. It was on account of the attitude of these two candidates who were looked upon as the representatives of the two precious metals that the expression came into general use, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold."

CHAPTER XVII

THE SPANISH WAR

The biggest thing that happened within the term of President McKinley was the Spanish war. It would hardly be proper to speak of it as the war *against* Spain, for that would imply a contest, and everybody knows there was no contest.

When the American continent was hewn out some of the chips fell into the Atlantic Ocean. After floating around for a while they finally settled down just east of the Gulf of Mexico, forming a group of islands known as the West Indies. The two largest and most important of these, Cuba and Porto Rico, were for a long period held by Spain as suitable objects on which to spend the large sums of money she did not have to spare. Spain's colonial experience demonstrated the importance of every nation holding distant and unfriendly possessions. It is the best excuse in the world for being poor.

The relations between the government and the inhabitants of the two islands mentioned were strained for many generations. At last they became openly and bitterly hostile. The Cubans determined in the latter part of the nineteenth cen-

tury to declare their independence. This, as might have been expected, hurt the feelings of the proud Spaniards, who felt constrained to chastise their wayward subjects. The insurgents kept up an intermittent warfare for a number of years, making it necessary for the Spanish Government to maintain an army on the island continuously. Uncle Sam had for some time been watching the scrap, hoping all the while something might happen to give him an excuse to take a hand. Finally it happened.

The Americans kept intimating that Spain was not giving Cuba a square deal, and the Spaniards in turn told us it was none of our business. The statement was, as a matter of fact, correct, but the language in which it was expressed was not that of a trained diplomat. In reply to a scornful declaration of that kind, even though it be true, it was entirely natural for a young and ambitious government like ours to say, "Well, we'll make it our business." And that is just what was said.

The conduct of the two parties toward each other became more and more unbrotherly, a condition due in a large measure to the irritating activity of certain American newspaper representatives, who were paid to uncover sensations, and were doing their best to earn their wages. Some of the latter, as well as a few other enterprising Americans, who were on the island of Cuba for speculative purposes, persisted in getting into trouble with the Spanish authorities. Under the pretense of affording protection to these news-

mongers and adventurers, a second-class American battleship—the *Maine*—was kept in the southern waters, making headquarters at Key West and flirting from time to time with the Cuban shore.

On the 25th of January, 1898, the *Maine,* under command of Captain Sigsbee, sailed into the harbor at Havana, dropped anchor, and settled herself comfortably in the basin, as if she meant to spend the day. It was no place for a self-respecting American boat, but there she was, and there she stayed, and there she is yet. The principal difference is that instead of her being in the harbor, a part of the harbor is now in her. The visit of the *Maine,* while it was proclaimed a friendly mission, was fully understood to be a baring of Uncle Sam's strong arm for the sole purpose of displaying his muscle.

On the morning of February 15th an explosion occurred which completely destroyed the vessel and the greater part of her crew. Captain Sigsbee escaped and forthwith dispatched the news to Washington, concluding his message as follows: "Public opinion should be suspended." The conclusion of the American people was that the Spaniards should be suspended.

Whether the *Maine* was destroyed by the enemy or committed suicide, whether she was blown up or blown down, whether her ribs were caved in or caved out, made no difference. The explosion spelled War in great big, red letters. It had to come, and was not long about it.

The usual preliminary exchange of hypocritical

communications was conducted in the most approved diplomatic style, preparations meanwhile being made for the encounter. As a matter of fact the army and navy of the United States were in no condition to fight anything, but fortunately they did not have anything to fight. Spain could not have whipped a cow-pen full of mullein stalks. General Incompetency killed more men than all the other officers on both sides combined.

The first real engagement was the bombardment of Matanzas by a portion of the American fleet commanded by Admiral Sampson, the result of which, so far as reported, was the untimely decease of a Spanish mule which happened to be loitering round the fortifications. The advantage in this fight was all with the fleet, which was able to discharge its guns with reasonable accuracy without coming in range of the heels of the mule. The latter was prevented from advancing to a more favorable position on account of his construction. While equipped with a deadly rapid fire battery, when properly located on land, the mule is not a sea-going engine of destruction, and therefore is not adapted to marine service.

The circumstances of this engagement recall a contest recorded in ancient history, a contest in which a kinsman of the American Admiral and an ancestor of the Spanish mule fought as allies against a common enemy; on which occasion the prowess in battle of the unpretentious animal was fully attested. Needless to say this reference is to the slaughter of the Philistines by another Sam-

son, who was inaterially aided in his work of annihilation by the timely assistance of the jaw bone of an ass. The loss of life in that assault was appalling.

The next important event of the Spanish war was the battle of Manila Bay. Among the many encumbrances which burdened the Spanish nation was the ownership of a job-lot of islands in the Pacific Ocean, called the Philippines. This group consists of a countless number of fragmentary pieces of land of greater or less dimensions—most of them less — concerning which very little was known by the American people prior to the Spanish controversy. After we heard of the capture of these Islands we got out our geographies and looked some of them up. About all we were able to find out about them was that they are closer to Japan than they are to us. Spain discovered the Philippines as long ago as 1521, though it is generally believed they were there for a great many years before they were discovered.

The principal island of the group is Luzon, upon the western coast of which is situated the city of Manila. This port has long maintained fortifications sufficient to afford ample protection in times of peace, but of little value in the event of an attack by a hostile fleet. When the war broke out between Spain and the United States a so-called Spanish fleet was cruising around Luzon, not permitting itself, however, to get out of swimming distance from the shore, because the boats were so

rotten and leaky it was feared they might go to the bottom at any moment.

Admiral Montojo, who was in command of this floating junk, brought it into Manila Bay every night to prevent its being kidnapped by some passing schooner. This daily return to headquarters was also made necessary by the fact that the fleet was not strong enough to carry a full day's rations for the crew, so they were compelled to come back to Manila for their meals. The only serviceable guns they had were mounted on Monte's flagship, the *Reina Cristina.* These weapons had been procured from old man Noah when he dismantled the ark and sold the furnishings at auction.

Now it so happened that Commodore George Dewey had taken a few American boats to Hongkong to give them exercise, and was there when the trouble began. On April 24th, 1898, he received the following dispatch from the Navy Department at Washington: "Go to Philippines and catch Spanish fleet at once. Carry it out on the land and tie it up. Be careful you don't get your feet wet." He proceeded without delay to execute the order, reaching Manila Bay April 30th. That night he found the gate open and sailed right into the Bay, where he waited until daylight to make the attack. Next morning, May 1st, an early breakfast was served. Dewey folded his napkin, then smoked a cigar while he glanced over the morning paper. That done, he turned to Captain Gridley.

"Cap, are the dishes washed?"

"They is," replied Gridley.

"Any of the guns loaded?" inquired Dewey.

'Some of 'em is," came the reply.

"Then get busy," ordered the Admiral, and the battle was on.

Two or three shots aimed at the Spanish flagship took effect and put her out of business. The other boats were capsized by the commotion in the water, and sank to the bottom. This was sorely disappointing to the American gunners, who were eager for the target practice the battle was expected to afford. Nothing remained for Dewey to do but take possession of the islands and keep them together till some one could be sent from Washington to look after them.

While Dewey was accomplishing his task in the Pacific, a work rendered less difficult because he was too far away to be handicapped by orders from the parlor experts who sat in Washington, preparations were going on to effect the main object of the struggle, namely, the occupation of Cuba and the subjugation of the Spanish army operating on that island. Cuba was expected, of course, to be the storm center; the main fighting strength of the Spanish navy would surely assemble in the Cuban waters, where their ships would be challenged by the American fleet. The latter was separated into two general divisions; Admiral Sampson taking personal charge of one, the other being commanded by Commodore Schley.

Pending the arrival of the visiting boats from Spain the two wings of the reception committee before mentioned undertook to maintain a blockade

of the entire Cuban coast, which was moderately effective for the very good reason that there were no vessels in the Cuban ports to pass out and few outside that cared to pass in. That the blockading line was not absolutely impenetrable seems to be established by the fact that Admiral Cervera conducted his entire fleet into the port of Santiago de Cuba, and remained there for ten days before his presence came to the knowledge of Sampson's Doorkeepers.

When finally the officers of the blockading fleet learned through the weekly papers that their friend Cervera was quietly sojourning in their midst frequent conferences were held for the purpose of determining what might be done, if anything, to prolong his visit. After much discussion pro and con — mostly con — without any conclusion being reached, some one suggested that inasmuch as the channel at the entrance of the harbor was extremely narrow, it would not be a difficult task to close it up altogether. That idea met with general approval, and it remained only to devise the ways and means to put it into effect. At length it was agreed that a big collier, the *Merrimac,* which had been serving the fleet, should be steered into the channel and sunk.

This daring undertaking was committed to the charge of Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, a young and ambitious naval constructor, and six candidates for positions in the Hall of Fame were selected from the many volunteers to assist him in the project. Hobson and his men conducted the

Merrimac into what they believed to be the proper position, then, after throwing out the anchors, they crawled underneath the vessel, bored holes in her bottom and let her sink. After piling some stones on the boat to hold her down, they waded ashore and sent a messenger with a note to the commander of the Spanish fort, advising him of their desire to be taken prisoners of war, for without this the symmetry of the plan would have been destroyed.

The heroic conduct of the handsome Lieutenant made him a popular idol after his release from captivity, and added greatly to his value as a drawing card. For months he traveled over the country addressing bridge-whist clubs and other patriotic bodies; during which time he was embraced and kissed by more old maids than had ever before honored any one man with similar labial benedictions. He was afterward induced to give up this form of dissipation and devote himself to the less arduous and comparatively respectable duties of a Congressman.

What the real object was in closing up the channel and bottling up the Spanish fleet has never been definitely explained. At first it was supposed the plan was to shut off the flow of water through the narrow opening, then have the sailors bale out the water already in the harbor, thus leaving the ships on dry land, and absolutely helpless; a novel scheme, which, had it been carried out, would have made its originators famous.

By some it was said Commodore Schley favored

the plan, thinking the obstructing of the channel would afford a splendid excuse for not going into the harbor in pursuit of Cervera, a la Dewey; and, moreover, the safety of the American vessels, their officers and crews would be greatly enhanced by the close confinement of the enemy. It had been noticed that Cervera's untrammeled presence had brought on a number of well-defined cases of insomnia, but after the bottling was done everybody slept better and their appetites became normal.

Admiral Sampson acquiesced readily; for, as he explained, he had a previous engagement to take tea with General Shafter, and was anxious that no disturbance should occur to prevent his keeping the appointment. Shafter's five o'clock teas were at that time looked upon as the most exclusive social functions of the season.

At length Cervera grew tired of the scant consideration that was being shown him. He felt that his rank entitled him to better treatment, for he was as rank as Sampson and ranker than Schley. So he determined to take steps to attract their attention. With that end in view he quit the harbor, in which he had rested for forty-five days, and on Sunday morning, July 3rd, put boldly out into the high sea.

As soon as the Americans had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden and unannounced presence of the distinguished foreigners— for the Spanish Admiral had neglected to advise his hosts of the time and manner of his intended departure — they began firing a general salute.

Their guns did not speak the Castilian language, it is true, but they had no difficulty in making themselves understood, and the back talk did not last long. History fails to record another naval engagement out of which the commanders of the victorious fleet got so little credit, so little glory. Sampson was not there till the fight was practically over, and some contend that Schley remained only because he had no plausible excuse to get away. The former had taken the fastest vessel of the fleet and gone to see his little play-mate, Shafter. If Sampson won the battle, it was by absent treatment, a thing until then never heard of in naval warfare. If such was the case, the demonstration ought to revolutionize the methods of conflict, for it is infinitely safer to conduct a fight from a distance. What is the use of exposing one's self to the dangers of shot and shell when the same results may be had from a position of security? Stonewall Jackson might have been living yet if he had directed his forces from some secluded spot, twenty miles from the scene of battle. Sampson returned just in time to report the victory won by the fleet under "my command."

The expression is sometimes used that one cannot turn round without somebody finding fault. That is just what happened to Schley. He turned round just as the fight began, and some people are criticising him for it yet. When the Spanish ships came out of the harbor they turned to the west, hugging the shore. Schley's flagship, the *Brooklyn,* was headed east. Now, as everybody knows,

it is a difficult matter to back-pedal a battleship, and it is harder still to steer a boat in any particular direction when it is going the other way. Besides it is a dangerous practice, for in such a manœuvre the vessel is almost sure to meet itself in deadly collision.

Schley evidently thought the best way to go west was to face in that direction before starting, which made it necessary to turn round. He explains in his official report that his object in turning round was to enable the ship to swap ends; a most plausible theory. That position might have been attained by causing the boat to turn turtle; but, while such a movement would have righted its direction, it would have left the vessel upside down, a most undignified position for a flagship to assume. Furthermore, the efficiency of the guns would have been impaired, as it would have been necessary to fire them from beneath the water.

Admitting the necessity for a turn of some kind, the question seems to narrow itself down to a decision between the shoreward or the seaward turn. Schley did not have much time to read up on the relative merits of the different directions in which he might swing his partner. He selected the outcurve, and that is all there is to it.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ARMY'S PART IN THE WAR

The American navy was, as we have seen, in poor shape for service when the joint discussion arose with Spain; but, bad as it was, the condition of the army was worse. Our success, it must be admitted, was due not so much to our own strength as to the incredible weakness and incompetency of our antagonist.

While the Spanish ships were being punctured and disfigured, so-called preparations were going forward to land an armed force on the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, was Secretary of War. His military training had been acquired in the Federal Congress, where he had spent a number of years fighting to retain the protective tariff on pulp and paper, in the production of which he was engaged.

General Nelson A. Miles was nominally at the head of the army, but as he had proved himself to be a capable soldier in former disturbances he had thereby disqualified himself for active participation in the war with Spain. He was therefore not encouraged to lend any material assistance.

A Board of Strategy and Interference was cre-

ated, whose business it was to run the war from the power-house at Washington by long-distance brain-and-courage transmission. Every move was to be made in accordance with its direction, very much as a game of chess is sometimes played by cable. The members of such boards are usually selected from among the men of military genius who on account of some peculiar organic trouble are forbidden by their family physicians to frequent localities where there is danger of inhaling combusted powder.

By direction of the Washington authorities the army was mobilized at Mobile and tampered with at Tampa. It consisted of a few regulars and a large number of irregulars, the latter officered principally by the sons of certain influential fathers who held political and social obligations against the appointing powers. This seemed to be a good opportunity to pay off these old accounts and square the books. The credits allowed were graded according to the rank of the official positions disposed of.

A number of camps were established at different places in the South, where the raw recruits were rounded up for rehearsal, and there they were drilled in military tactics and draw poker. The principal rendezvous was at Tampa, Florida, where General Shafter was in personal charge. In addition to being taught the difference between the right and left foot, these newly made soldiers were subjected to a course of discipline the purpose of which was to accustom them to all the

perils and privations of the battlefield. Knowing they were likely to be stricken with fever on the islands, the insanitary arrangements were so devised as to encourage the spread of the disease among the men, that they might get used to it. Besides, if they were going to die of the disease, it was better to have them die closer home, and thus save the additional cost of reshipping their bodies to the United States.

Included in the curriculum of this camp school was periodical total abstinence from nourishment, which, the doctors advise, if indulged with sufficient frequency and duration, will render one immune from starvation. The soldiers were likewise prepared for future dietary emergencies by training their stomachs to admit and assimilate all kinds of unwholesome foods, the final test in that direction being made by issuing canned beef of ancient vintage and unsavory reputation. Any one who was able to devour this incarcerated flesh of deceased quadrupeds and survive was looked upon as being able to eat with impunity and potatoes anything that might be encountered during the campaign, and was also entitled to a great reduction in the rate of his life insurance. Complaint was made to headquarters that some of the packers who had contracts with the government had failed to furnish certificates of the attending veterinaries setting forth the manner in which the cattle came to their death. However, the testimony of the meat itself left no reasonable doubt that it was thoroughly dead.

The soldiers while held at Tampa were so constantly drilled in fighting flies and disease that when finally sent to the front to meet the enemy they were in fact looked upon as veterans. The thoroughness of this preliminary work will be better understood when the pension rolls of the future make it plain that more deaths and disabling ailments resulted from camp life than from the casualties of the field.

There was so much delay in getting the force at Tampa ready to embark that the Washington authorities became noticeably impatient. The summer was advancing and a large part of the army, who were farmers, were obliged to return to their homes in time to gather their crops before freezing weather again set in. All this led Secretary Alger to transmit to General Shafter the following message on June 7th: "The President directs you to sail at once with what force you have ready."

General Shafter did not receive the message until he returned from fishing late in the evening. The next day he replied, saying: "The Quartermaster-General advises we have no force among our supplies. Can sail to-morrow if permitted to substitute Quaker Oats."

Several days were then consumed by the Board in taking expert testimony concerning the relative merit of these two cereals.

Finally the transports were loaded and the expedition set out on the 14th day of June. And a disastrous voyage it was; for while General Shafter's official report fixes the number leaving Tampa at

815 officers and 16,072 men, General Miles reported 803 officers and 14,935 men as landing; showing a loss in transit of 12 officers and 1,037 men. Whether they were eaten by sharks or died of old age before reaching Cuba we have no means of ascertaining.

Upon arrival at their destination, it was found the ambulances and medical stores taken along were grossly inadequate. This was explained as being due to the crowded condition of the transports. Many supplies were left behind to make room for the heavy blankets and overcoats carried by the regulars, who had spent the previous winter in Dakota and Montana. These it was thought would be invaluable in keeping out the heat which prevails in the tropics in the month of June. The volunteers were also provided with water-bottles to prevent cold feet.

The transports completed their journey on June 20th, when they were welcomed by Admiral Sampson and the blockading fleet. At that time the blockade must have been unusually effective, for it required three days to get the troops ashore. On the afternoon of the 20th they were kept waiting off shore while the Admiral and the Major-General paid a formal visit to General Garcia, who was in command of the insurgent forces. The next day was consumed by Shafter in giving landing orders. The debarkation began on the 22d and continued for twenty-four hours. If a storm had visited that locality pending the deliberate formalities, the men on the antiquated and overloaded

boats would have been assigned to the command of Major McGinty, at the bottom of the sea. Fortunately, too, no resistance was offered to the landing, else they might have been drifting yet.

A part of the force landed was the cavalry division under the command of Major-General Wheeler. The First Volunteer Cavalry of the Second Brigade was chaperoned by Colonel Doctor Wood, who up to that time had never slain anybody in battle, but had accomplished the same purpose in the practice of medicine.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt had taken it upon himself to organize what were known as the Rough Riders. He advertised for the roughest men that could be found, and taught such of them as had never seen a horse the use of the animal as a means of locomotion. It was found, however, that the time devoted to this training was wasted, it being finally determined that on account of the character of the country in which most of their outing would be spent, the horses should be left behind, except such as were required for the personal comfort and display of the officers. Thus we had presented the unique spectacle of a regiment of cavalry mounted on their own feet.

The plan of the campaign as outlined by General Shafter, after frequent conferences with Washington and other foreign sea-ports, called for throwing forward the troops for the investment of Santiago. This involved the capture of the garrisons of Caney and San Juan, for at these places Spanish soldiers were quartered, some of whom

were reported to have guns in their possession—very dangerous play-things when carelessly handled.

The chief difficulty General Shafter had was to restrain Joe Wheeler from giving offense to the Spaniards, thereby enhancing the danger of someone getting hurt. The former had accumulated a large surplus of flesh, on account of which he found it difficult to develop a speed that would insure an expeditious and safe retreat in case of serious trouble. Therefore, like a prudent man, he did not propose to put himself in a position where a precipitate rearward movement might appear to be the better part of valor. Wheeler, on the other hand, was an impetuous youth, who spent very little time figuring on retreats. So Joe was leashed, and just as a fleet of battleships must adjust its movement to the speed capacity of the slowest vessel, so the entire army had to accommodate itself to Shafter's gait.

While ascending an abrupt slope at a point called Las Guasimas, on the road from Siboney to Santiago, the Rough Riders, whose advance guard was trailing some distance in the rear, were surprised by the sudden attack of some unfriendly enemies. The head of the column doubled back with such amazing swiftness that those following had little opportunity to get out of the path of their returning companions, and as a result the regiment became decidedly scrambled and many were hurt in the melee and other vital places.

This incident might have proved disastrous but

for the timely assistance of the colored troops of the Tenth Cavalry, who gave not an inch. They were so badly scared they could not run, and the road was obstructed to such an extent by the paralyzed bodies of the Darktown soldiers that the retreat of the Rough Riders was effectually blocked.

In recognition of this timely aid, when Colonel Roosevelt became President some years later he excused an entire negro battalion from further exposure to danger in the service, after they had fought with splendid courage in the battle of Brownsville.

When the Rough Riders had been brought to a halt Colonel Roosevelt galloped to the front, riding his favorite horse, Hobby, and composed the disquieted troops by delivering a vigorous talk on the advantages of a strenuous life and the necessity for taking no reactionary step. In conclusion he said:

"Let us be men, and show the world what true courage is. Don't be mollycoddles like the rest of the army. Never turn your face from the foe. If you must retreat, don't turn round, but back away from danger; then, if you are shot, you will not be shot in the back, and the bullet hole will leave no evidence that you were not going forward. Now, my fellow Rough Riders, go boldly on and meet the enemy! And that I may be in a position to check any future disposition you may have to turn back, I shall hereafter follow in your rear."

The effect of these inspiring words was magical. The reassured troops put spurs to themselves and rushed to the top of the hill; but the two men who had fired upon them, and brought on their confusion, had disappeared, and had left no information concerning their itinerary. It was impossible, therefore, to know what direction could be taken without danger of again running across them.

On July 1st Generals Chaffee and Lawton led their men against Caney. Here the Spaniards put up the best fight they made during the entire war, but they were overpowered and the garrison was captured. This source of danger eliminated, it was possible to lead the Rough Riders further on without serious danger of fatality.

The capture of Caney was followed by the storming of San Juan heights. The First and Ninth Cavalry and the Rough Riders directed their efforts to the seizing and holding of Kettle Hill, which was unoccupied, while the American center and left was moving against the main Spanish division. The wisdom of selecting Kettle Hill as an object of attack instead of San Juan was later demonstrated by the official reports showing a tremendous mortality among the men who were rash enough to assault the Spaniards on the latter elevation, while the death rate on the adjacent mound was nominal.

When the troops had proceeded about half the distance up Kettle Hill the command was given to halt. A detachment was then ordered to construct three or four panels of rail fence seventeen feet

high at a point on the hill-side, well protected from any stray missiles from the guns of the men who were fighting on San Juan, but at the same time in plain view of the American troops. This done, Colonel Roosevelt ordered the press representatives to train their cameras on the spot and snap at the moment he should dash forward on his charger and clear the improvised hurdle.

The delay occasioned by this mountain-side exhibition prevented their reaching the top of the hill in time to see the best part of the fight; but some splendid pictures were obtained for insertion in the History of the Rough Riders and The Look-out.

To account for the apparent tardiness in pushing the American army on to Santiago it must be remembered that every step taken in that direction carried the troops just that much farther away from their commander, rendering it all the more difficult to keep up communication. Scouting parties reported there were no large trees at or near Santiago under which a hammock might be swung, so it was therefore out of the question for General Shafter to go to the front. Orders from Washington were relayed through him to the army, and reports from the field conveyed back in the same manner. It is not surprising, therefore, that when the soldiers finally received orders to do any particular thing it was generally too late to do it.

It must not be forgotten either that the Spanish soldiers were scarce in that locality, which made it much more difficult to find them.

It was on the march along the San Juan River that the First Battalion of the Seventy-first New York made a name for itself in the history of our country. The report of the commander was that when subjected to a galling fire this division "recoiled in disorder." General Kent's staff came forward and formed a cordon behind the panic-stricken men, who were commanded to lie down in the thicket till they could recover their self-possession. Here they displayed marvelous courage. Lying in the bushes, as they were, holding on to the grass, the regiments that followed were obliged to pass over their prostrate forms in order to advance. It is a rare thing that soldiers are thus exposed to the danger of being stepped on before they are dead.

After the destruction of the Spanish boats and the capitulation of San Juan, the efforts of both the American army and navy were directed against the city of Santiago. Concerning the order in which this Spanish stronghold should be entered by the two forces Sampson and Shafter indulged a protracted exchange of official courtesies, each eager to yield the honor of precedence to the other. It was a regular Alphonse-Gaston affair.

"You go in first, my dear General," entreated Sampson.

"Nay, nay. Thou must precede, my brave Admiral," replied Shafter.

"But," said Sampson, "if the army enters the city from the rear and takes possession of the forts, it will then be an easy task for the fleet to steam

into the harbor in an orderly procession, such as comports with its dignity and importance, and there will be no danger of having the paint scratched on our beautiful boats by the careless firing of the guns."

"You forget," replied Shafter, "that if these hostile guns are first silenced by the fleet it will then be possible for the army to make a much more orderly and impressive march through the streets. Besides, my dimensions make it a much easier matter to hit me than it is to land a bullet in your body. It would therefore not be at all prudent for me to approach the fortifications so long as they are occupied by the enemy. So lose no time, pray, in making the assault."

This conversation was kept up for some time without any appreciable result. Finally each appealed to Washington that instructions might be given the other to capture the city and render it incapable of doing harm. In Washington the joint discussion was taken up and carried on by the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, Secretary Alger sharing the view of Shafter, and Secretary Long supporting the opinion of Sampson.

Adjutant-General Corbin about that time sent a private telegram to Shafter, saying: "If the navy will not undertake to break through, take a transport, cover the pilot house and most exposed points with baled hay, and call for volunteers from the army to run into the harbor, thus making a way for the navy."

In this dispatch there seems to lurk a thinly

veiled intimation that in the opinion of the sender the navy was made up of the kind of animals that could be toled along by a bundle of hay. No wonder the two branches of Uncle Sam's fighting force worked in such unfailing harmony when these cordial relations existed!

Pending the negotiations between the leaders of the Army and of the Navy, the Spanish soldiers in Santiago were unpardonably neglected. They grew tired of this inattention and, having nothing to occupy their time, became intensely homesick.

General Toral, who commanded the forces of the beleaguered city, arranged an interview with General Shafter, to whom he said, "If you persist in your determination not to give us a fight, there is nothing left for us to do but surrender. We cannot remain here indefinitely without some diversion."

"Nothing doing," replied Shafter. "Go and lick somebody, and get a reputation, then come to me and I will talk fight with you. Any way, it's too hot to fight now. I intend to wait it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Toral returned to his headquarters sorely disappointed. A council was called and it was decided to return to Spain, provided the United States would agree to pay the freight. These terms were accepted and the city was promptly turned over to the Americans. Thus it appears that Toral outgeneraled his adversaries, for by surrendering he compelled them to take possession of Santiago,

which for weeks they had consistently declined to do.

Not to be outdone, Admiral Sampson on the next day sent the following dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy:

"The fleet under my command has just captured a school of about 450,000 Spanish mackerel."

The destruction of the Spanish fleet and the capitulation of Santiago practically ended the war. Porto Rico was shortly thereafter occupied by the American soldiers, and then Spain threw up the sponge.

A joint peace commission met in Paris on the first day of October to arrange terms of settlement. The principal question was the disposition to be made of the Philippine Islands, in relation to which the American government found itself in an awkward situation. Like the man who was clinging to the tail of an infuriated bear, we could not very well hold on and did not dare let go.

Spain at length agreed to sell the islands, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, to the United States for the gross sum of $20,000,000. We say "gross sum" because it was grossly excessive. This country had no earthly use for these far-off possessions, but it looked like too good a bargain to turn down. It was estimated there were at that time at least 12,000,000 natives roaming over the islands, all of whom were included in the transaction. While we had declared against slavery in a most emphatic manner, here was a bunch of able-bodied negroes offered at the nom-

inal price of $1.66 apiece. It was an opportunity to lay in a supply of dusky citizens at a per capita cost less than the prevailing price of a hound pup. To be sure they were not broken for service, nor did the vendors agree to deliver them. They merely sold them in the field, and it was our business to round them up.

When the agreement formulated by the commissioners came up for ratification in the American Congress the patriotic statesmen who favored it argued that the Philippines were invaluable to us as a base of supplies. When asked what need we had for such a base in that remote corner of the globe, we were told it must be maintained for the use and benefit of the American fleet stationed in and around the Philippine ports. Then, inquiry being made as to the purpose of keeping a fleet in those waters, we were informed that the object was to protect our base of supplies. A simple and logical statement when once understood; the wonder is we had not thought of it before, yet it had never occurred to us till pointed out by our ever-wise and far-seeing statesmen.

The conclusion of peace with Spain did not, however, end our use for an active military force in the Philippines. Up to that time we had been fighting *for* the natives; since then we have been fighting against them. It is always the case when an outsider undertakes to settle a family row.

From the adoption of the treaty of peace until the close of the first term of President McKinley, the attention and resources of the administration

were devoted principally to looking after our newly acquired insular charges, from the burdensome care of which we had generously relieved poor old Spain.

Uncle Sam very soon discovered that his adopted children were not only far from self-sustaining, but that they were totally lacking in gratitude and good manners. They were not only impecunious, but impudent as well.

CHAPTER XIX

THE REIGN OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

When the time came round for the election in 1900 no one was given serious consideration for the Presidency by the Republican party except the incumbent, William McKinley. It was under his rule that the war had been fought with Spain, and won, in spite of our unparalleled efforts to lose it. McKinley was therefore the logical candidate, and it remained only for the convention to ratify the party selection.

There was some difficulty, however, in choosing his running mate. The Vice-Presidency had begun to be looked upon as a political grave yard, to the inmates of which no hope of a resurrection was held out. The duties of the office were to preside over the tedious and stupefying deliberations of the Senate and to attend formal receptions as the posing representative of the administration for a period of four years, then pass into oblivion. The Vice-President was expected to be dignified and inanimate, having neither sufficient authority to command respect nor enough freedom of action to make himself easy and companionable.

A certain ambitious young man named Theo-

dore Roosevelt was making himself troublesome to the party organization in the State of New York. He had shown little respect for precedent, and less for his political seniors. There was no opinion for which he had high regard save his own, and no man for whom he entertained great admiration but himself. It is easy to understand that such a disposition coupled with aggressive ability was calculated to cause uneasiness among the political bosses, whose authority had seldom been challenged.

Colonel Roosevelt's brilliant record in the Spanish war, of which the people had learned through his own writings and speeches, made him a popular idol upon his return to his own State.

It must not be forgotten that the public mind was at that time completely dominated by the military spirit. The bands were playing martial airs and all our spare change was invested in flags and patriotic bunting. More people were seeing stars and wearing stripes than ever before in our history. A slouch rough-rider hat on a lamp post was paid more homage than a number seven-and-a-half silk tile full of brains.

In such a state of military dementia what show could a man without epaulets and brass buttons possibly have? Theodore Roosevelt was quick to seize the opportunity, and lost no time in hitching his political sled to the wagon of public sentiment, whereby, with little effort on his own part, he was hauled into the Governor's mansion at Albany. While filling that office he gave little heed to the

operation of any political machine but his own, which of course was disquieting to the professional leaders, who began to take counsel together how they might get rid of this disturbing factor.

Senator Thomas C. Platt, who was then subsisting politically upon the memory of his past greatness, was looked upon as the head of his party; to him, therefore, fell the task of flagging Roosevelt's political train and switching it onto a siding. He could think of no spur upon which it could be run with less chance of returning to the main line than that of the Vice-Presidency. Preparations were accordingly made to use that resting place.

Roosevelt did not yield readily — he never does—but insisted till the very assembling of the nominating convention that he would not have the job. Meanwhile, Platt was working the wires with his wonted cunning and causing the reluctant statesman to be overwhelmed with appeals. After McKinley had been named, it was made to appear to the Colonel that nothing but the magic of his name on the ticket could assure its success. Finally he was convinced that it would be a case of the tail wagging the dog, and to save the country he consented to run.

Platt shook hands with himself, laughed in both his sleeves, and went home overjoyed that he had at last put this noisy young man where he would never be heard from again. And all his associate bosses chanted a fervent "Amen!"

On the Democratic side Bryan again nominated himself. He was by no means the unanimous

choice of his party, but he had sufficient following to defeat any one who might be selected against his will, so his claims were not seriously contested. He wrote his own platform, this time leaving out some of the silver and introducing a novelty in the way of a paramount issue—but it didn't paramount to much.

Anti-imperialism was his campaign cry; but what chance, pray, had such a platform in a jingo season, two years after the close of a war of conquest? How could the public be expected to second a motion to give up the Philippines when it was well understood their retention would make it necessary to create many new offices, some one of which every man who voted the Republican ticket confidently expected to secure?

The campaign was carried on with the usual amount of false prophecies and false promises, the usual amount of talk and fire-works, and ended with the usual result—the defeat of Bryan.

The second term of President McKinley had not gone far when it came to a tragic end. For the third time in our history the Chief Executive of the nation was assassinated by the hand of an unrestrained lunatic. He was shot down while attending an exposition at the city of Buffalo, from the effects of which assault he died some days later, after much patient suffering.

When Roosevelt was sworn into office as President he recognized the popularity of his predecessor and pledged himself to carry out his policies. And he did—he carried them out the back door of

the White House and left them there. What became of them no one knows; they have not been seen since that day. As everybody is aware, it was the beginning of a new era in which things were to be done differently. Precedents were no longer to be followed, but to be made.

The affairs of state went along in a fairly normal way until the term expired for which McKinley had been elected. The fact that he was occupying a position to which another had been called by the voice of the people appeared to have a restraining effect on the President. He began, however, to show signs of restlessness as the time approached for another election. It was apparent he was eager to renew his right to rule by the direct authority of the voters, for then he could be independent of all inherited obligations and perfectly free to be himself.

The campaign of 1904 was exciting and eventful. Roosevelt had his party so well in hand there was never any doubt about his being made its candidate, and a very active candidate he was.

The Democratic convention met in St. Louis. None of the delegates knew just what they wanted when they came together, and few of them knew, when it was all over, what they had done or why they had done it. There was no leading candidate in the field and no considerable number of the delegates were agreed upon any one thing. Free silver had failed to win, and imperialism had run second in a field of two, so there was nothing in the recent past to which the party might attach itself with

reasonable hope. The claim was that the party had been too long in control of the radical element, and there was a loud cry for a "safe and sane" platform and candidate. Nobody objected to that demand, for every one thought his own candidate and political creed the safest and sanest on the market.

Chiefly because he had no political record of any kind, and no time would therefore be consumed in making explanations and apologies, Judge Alton B. Parker, of the State of New York, was finally selected to make the fight. It was in keeping, too, with the "sanity" theory, for the Judge had always been quiet and uncommunicative. He had not said many foolish things, for the very good reason that he had seldom spoken at all. A man may have absolutely no political knowledge, but, if he is wise enough to shut off the flow of his conversation, it is a difficult matter to prove the barren state of his mind.

About this time there began to be a good deal of talk about the man who was President being a man of "judicial temperament;" that is to say, a good President must look serious and decline to decide anything until he is compelled to do so. It very often happens that a case is disposed of by the learned court on the merest technicality; then in the written opinion it is stated, "There are two or three questions of the gravest importance to the public raised in the pleadings, but inasmuch as the determination of this particular controversy does not involve their adjudication, the court declines

to pass on them at this time." That is "judicial temperament." Never do to-day what you can put off till the next term of the court, is a favorite maxim of the bench.

When at length the convention settled upon the nomination of Judge Parker he was not present, a situation which is very often favorable to the candidate. He was, however, promptly advised by wire of the selection, and was at the same time enlightened concerning the platform upon which he was expected to run. To the utter amazement of the other candidates, Parker wired back that while he most heartily approved of the wisdom they had displayed in naming the candidate, he could not accept anything but a gold platform.

At first there was a disposition to resent such arrogance, but after consultation it was determined the platform should be arranged to suit the new occupant. Some argued that it made no difference anyway what they put in it or left out, for, as Private John Allen would put it, a party platform, like the platform of a passenger coach, is made to get in on, not to stand on. Still others said, "Let him have any platform he wants. He will never have a chance to carry it out."

The head of the ticket being thus provided, the convention began to cast about for material suitable for the other end of it. It was then suggested it might be prudent to add some one who was in a position to give the ticket financial standing. Bradstreet was accordingly consulted and the rating and past performance of all the political possibilities looked up.

August Belmont was first considered, but the New York delegation protested that he could never carry that State. All the men in New York City who had to stand up on the subway trains, they declared, would vote against him, while the women who occupied the seats could not vote at all. Thomas F. Ryan was turned down because he was mixed up with the surface lines, and Colonel Jim Guffy, of Pennsylvania, was too close to Standard Oil. The only other Democrat who could then be thought of that had money was Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, of West Virginia. Some were opposed to him because, they alleged, he was the father-in-law of the Republican party, Stephen B. Elkins having married into the family. That was a right serious charge, but it was argued, and justly, that a man should not be held responsible for the matrimonial inclinations of his children. So it was agreed this alliance with the hostile party should be overlooked, provided there was no other serious objection to be raised.

Inquiry being made as to the political strength of the Senator, Colonel John T. McGraw, the national committeeman from his State, said he felt sure Davis would run well in the Roaring Creek district of Randolph County, where most of the voters were employed in the Senator's coal mines, and would have to support him or look for work elsewhere.

Then they discussed his age. It looked like taking a long chance to nominate a man who had already celebrated his eighty-first birthday. But those who knew him best relieved the anxiety on

that score. Inasmuch, they said, as there was still some money in West Virginia which did not belong to the Senator and his son-in-law, they knew very well he did not have the slightest intention of departing this life until it had all been annexed. Finally Tom Taggart, of Indiana, settled the whole matter. "What difference does it make," he asked, "how old he is, or what else he may be? He is not too old to sign his check, and that is what we are most interested in. Suppose he is not young enough to be Vice-President? He will never have to be. Get the money, and get it quick. I expect to be the national chairman and I shall have use for it."

The work of the convention was concluded on Sunday morning, and the Democratic banners thereafter unfurled bore the caricatures of Parker and Davis, a ticket which afforded a thoroughly respectable excuse for a few Democratic votes.

Parker failed utterly to create any enthusiasm. That made little difference; but when Davis failed to create any revenue there was real suffering. The Senator has never had the reputation of paying more for a thing than it is worth. His attitude toward the campaign was entirely consistent and proved conclusively that his age had not in any wise impaired his commercial sagacity. We have been informed that he sent his check for twenty dollars to the campaign committee, besides paying some personal expenses out of his own pocket amounting to fourteen dollars and eighty cents, for all of which he was fully compensated by the free advertising given his new railroad. Meanwhile, Judge

Parker repaired to his country home at a place in the State of New York called Esopus. There he remained during the campaign, spending most of his time swimming in the river trying to catch the floating vote, it was explained. Before the season was over some three or four hundred people, mostly newspaper reporters, visited him. Others thought of doing so, but could not find his location on the map.

Senator Davis was notified of his nomination at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, in the presence of a large crowd of women and children, and two special policemen. He then returned to his palatial home in the town of Elkins, where he received the congratulations of his neighbors in Randolph and adjoining counties, when they happened to be attending court. A few of them also voted for him.

The silence maintained by the Democratic Presidential nominee and the four-score years of his associate on the ticket led some one to observe during the campaign that the Democrats were asking the people to vote for a mystery from Esopus and a reminiscence from West Virginia.

Meanwhile the candidate of the opposite party was not overlooking any tricks. He made few formal speeches, but never stopped talking. However, he did not rely on his own line of conversation to carry him through. That money talks is an old adage, and there is no time when its eloquence is more convincing than in a political campaign. The candidate who permits himself to be drawn into a joint discussion with the real coin is

going to have trouble, sure as you are born. The President knew all that, and was naturally and properly anxious to have this persuasive speaker take the stump in his behalf.

The invitation to lend a helping hand had gone out to the ends of the earth. Every mail was bringing in a few millions of dollars for the righteous cause, and still there was room for more. It occurred to the President that a few heart-to-heart talks with certain solvent individuals, who might appreciate the friendship of an active four-years' administration, would possibly stimulate the desire to make voluntary donations. He accordingly had some correspondence with his practical friend, Mr. E. H. Harriman, who, it was known, had on the last pay-day received a few dollars from the railroad for which he was working. Harriman also had some business acquaintances who had accounts with the savings banks, a part of which it was thought they might want to invest. Others of course were honored by invitations to interview the Chief on the same interesting topic. As it was later explained by the gentleman in Washington, he of course did not have the remotest idea that these contributions were coming from the wicked corporations, or that they were being used for his own political advancement. He thought all the while the money was expended in the distribution of the literature of the American Tract Society, and to build homes for the survivors of the Deluge. It was no fault of his that the sacred fund was diverted by Cortelyou and others into channels for which it was never intended.

Needless to say, in playing the game of practical politics the practical methods of practical men prevailed over the policies of inactivity and antiquity. Roosevelt was overwhelmingly elected, Parker returned to the practice of law, from whence he came and for which he was so admirably adapted, and Davis went back to building railroads and coke ovens, his favorite pastime.

The fact that he was no longer filling the place of some one else, but held the office of President of the United States by virtue of the votes which were cast for himself, had a very prompt and decided effect on the official attitude of Mr. Roosevelt. The dynamic energy of his second term made the strenuous effort of the first look like the calm and peaceful repose of an Egyptian mummy. All at once he seemed to realize the boundless scope of his jurisdiction, calling for an exercise of authority in every field of human activity, directing even to the minutest detail the public and private affairs of men. From that time till his retirement from office there was not an idle nor a dull moment in the entire play.

Roosevelt was by no means lacking in personal force, but it must not be assumed that he made all the noise that was heard during his administration, nor that he was solely responsible for all that occurred. He did not write the Decalogue, as some have alleged, but simply popularized the Mosaic statutes by giving them his personal endorsement, after some amendments had been made to suit his views. The time was ripe for social and industrial upheavals; they were due and no hand could stay

their coming. Roosevelt's well-trained ear heard the subdued rumblings of the approaching eruption and his watchful eye caught the first cleft in the quaking mountain. He stood waiting with uplifted hand, and so accurately timed the blow that at the very moment when smoke and flames burst forth from the uncapped summit, he smote the crumbling mass with the rod of his official disapproval, then cried out to the astonished multitude, "Behold what I have done!" And many believed then, as some do still, that he had actually done it.

At any rate it was a period of exceptional activity—a sort of political equinox—while he remained in power. Some wrongs were righted and some rights were wronged, some of the guilty were punished and some of the innocent were made to suffer. The motto of the President was, "Tread lightly, but carry a big stick." He carried the big stick all right and wielded it with great freedom, ending the season with a batting average far above normal; but if his progress was made with gentle step, woe unto the people among whom he may ever walk with heavy and careless footfall! He was a perpetual advocate of the "Square deal," which he construed to mean that he should do all the dealing, and it frequently happened that more than one joker was found in the pack. Further on we shall see more of this unique figure in American history, whose activities have not only caused him to be intensely disliked by some, but have at the same time won for him the extravagant admiration of many besides himself.

CHAPTER XX

SOME PHASES AND INSTITUTIONS OF AMERICAN LIFE

For the present we shall turn aside from the orderly march through succeeding years, for the purpose of considering some of the social and industrial institutions of American life, and incidentally some of the people related thereto.

There was a time when this country had a clearly defined aristocracy, in good standing and good working order, not in the political but in the social sense of the term. And why should it not always be so? All else being equal, good blood tells in a horse; is there any reason why it should not have even a more marked effect on a human being? It is rather significant that most persons who decry good breeding have never tried it. To be sure the final test of a horse's merit is the measure of his ability to perform. Nancy Hanks had no more pedigree than a wooden clothes horse, but she could trot, in spite of her poor start in life. Still, the man whose business it is to raise fast horses would not go to the car stables to stock his farm. Many men attain brilliant success who are born of aimless and undeserving parents, but that fact does

not repeal the law of heredity. Some who come of good families make failures, but that is no argument against starting right.

The reason that there is no longer a premium on aristocratic birth is that it has been so overworked. It is a good thing in its place, but cannot be substituted for any and every other good thing, as some are always endeavoring to do. The world gets tired of the fellow who is everlastingly trotting out his triple-plated lineage as an excuse for his own utter worthlessness. One thing that kept the South poor for a long time was that so many of her able-bodied men spent the greater portion of their time hanging the portraits of their ancestors and telling the story of their departed greatness. It was not an unusual thing to find a man standing still, and looking back with ill-concealed pride upon the records made by his famous sires, having and pleading no excuse for occupying space on the earth except that he had a bright future behind him.

Family trees are very ornamental things in our domestic front yards, but the fellows who loaf round under their shade when they ought to be planting corn and potatoes are liable to be short of rations when the snow falls. About the only fruit that can ever be gathered from their pretentious branches is an occasional lemon. An ancestral chart is a very interesting diagram, and a handy argument for a woman to use when trying to convince her husband that she married beneath herself, but a poor thing to present at a lunch counter in exchange for a ham sandwich when one is hun-

gry. As collateral at the bank it is not in the same class with Standard Oil certificates, though the latter may be smeared with crude petroleum.

Boasting is a habit with some Americans, and they never lose an opportunity to advertise what they think they are. Some are not at all concerned about the genuineness of their claim, if they can only run a successful bluff. That is why patriotic and artistocratic organizations are so popular. Take for instance the Daughters of the American Revolution. There are women who would pay ten dollars to wear the badge of that society, if they had to borrow the money from the hired girl, and let the grocer's bill go to protest. But what does it amount to? There were men fighting in the Revolution who came over here to escape the gallows on the other side. After all, Mrs. Partington was not so far wrong when she applied for membership in the Daughters of the Revolution on the ground that her father used to run a merry-go-round.

After a long and tedious campaign of aristocratic folly it was the most natural thing in the world for a reaction to set in, and it did. But the trouble about a reaction is that, while it starts right, it never knows when to stop. That is just what happened in this case.

The new standard of supremacy adopted by the American people was a commercial one. Public sentiment gradually drifted so far in that direction that finally the man who could produce the coin in sufficient quantity was looked upon as entitled to every mark of distinction, without regard to the

manner in which he procured it or how he proposed to spend it. It made no difference whether he had any ancestors. As a result most people overlooked everything else in the frantic effort to get money. They must have it, even if they had to marry it. Many engaged so eagerly in the pursuit of the dollar that they did not even have time to be neighborly.

Just as the disposition to overcapitalize aristocracy had in a great measure been confined to the South, where alone it existed to any extent, so the new form of idolatry—the worship of the golden calf—found most of its adherents in the North. The fact that dignity and leisure were supposed to comport with aristocratic birth, while it was the perpetual hustler who gathered up the shekels, resulted in course of time in the establishment of a mechanical difference in the people of the two sections. Those of the North were high geared, while the Southern people were not set for speed.

The life of the average Yankee is one of brutal hurry from the cradle to the grave. He never stops his mad rush till the human machine is consumed by the fires of its own excessive energy, then that which is left is carried with unseemly haste to its last resting place, for there is no room in the North for a dead one. It takes a horse with exceptional speed to keep up with the funeral procession. In New York the hearse is being equipped with electric motive power to shorten the journey to the tomb, and when the corpse passes through the gateway into the silent city of the dead, even

there a liveried guard is on duty calling out, "Step lively!" Under the present rules and regulations there is very little pleasure gotten out of a Yankee funeral. It is no place for an easy-going man to die.

Down South it was different. Most persons in that locality were so well satisfied with the present life they evinced no special hurry to die. Sometimes the climate is uncomfortably warm, it is true, but who knows what the temperature will be in the next existence? So what is the use to hurry? Most Southerners went leisurely along their way, taking time to get acquainted with themselves and their neighbors, their wives and their children. They were not impatient for time to go by and the quarterly dividend to roll round, for most of them had no dividend to roll round: so they yearned for even longer days and longer years, longer drinks and longer credit.

Because the people of the South were pretty well satisfied with the universe as it was created, and were not eternally finding fault and trying to make it over, they were sometimes called lazy. In other localities the commercial spirit is so dominant that most people see little to admire in anything upon which there is not a fixed market value. If it were in their power they would gather up the radiance of the sun and the glitter of the stars and coin them into gold. The same spirit that is engaged in destroying the majestic beauty of Niagara, that it may be converted into a big power house, if unrestrained would plant our parks in onions and pump-

kins, lease the Mammoth Cave for use as a subway, make wireless receiving stations of the Statue of Liberty and Bunker Hill, use the Washington Monument for a bill-board, and stretch the equator in the back yard for a clothes-line.

It used to be thought that this mercenary disposition could never thrive in the warmer climate of the Southern States, and for a long while this seemed to be true; but with the extension of railway facilities and improvements in the methods of travel the people of the United States became very much mixed up. Interstate commerce and interstate marriage brought the people of the two sections into so much closer relation that their distinguishing traits began to disappear, and each contracted the bad habits of the other. This was kept up until one became as bad as the other, if not worse.

Time was when the South had the contract to furnish the country with most of her statesmen. While the men of the North, who had more brains than were required for family use, were busy getting money away from other people and watching that no one got it away from them, the intelligent Southerner, who had too much sense to engage in real hard work, was devoting a good portion of his time to statecraft. All intelligent Southerners were students, but they were not all occupied in studying the science of government. Some spent their lives in perfecting the art of making the mint julep and training the human system to assimilate it without any serious confusion of thought or en-

tangling alliance of the feet and legs; others still were devoting their attention to improving the conformation and speed of the thoroughbred. The owner of one of these superb animals entered in a race was not only deprived of a most pleasurable sensation when his horse was detained in transit until the other horse had reached the terminal, but he was likewise separated from more or less circulating medium, which under the rules of procedure he was required to deposit in advance with a stakeholder, as an evidence of the confidence he had in the ability of his entry to make the round trip in less time than required by his fleet-footed rivals.

There were some, however, whose leisure moments were devoted to more unselfish purposes. The ideal Southern home was constructed with a broad veranda running all around the house; morning glories, Virginia creepers, honeysuckles and other varieties of foliage and caterpillars were in the habit of climbing up over these porches, and the glare of the sun on the surrounding fields was thereby softened. A well-trained pickaninny was always kept in calling distance, whose duty it was to move the rocking chair from time to time, aiming always to keep the building between it and the shifting sun. The occupant of such place was ideally situated to study civic problems, and it was in just such factories that most of the celebrated statesmen of former days were manufactured.

At that time there were no Sunday papers, with all their distracting sensations and demoralizing pictures. Indeed, there were few dailies of any

kind, and these were in most cases delivered not oftener than twice a week on the plantation. There were few putrid books of the "Three Weeks" or "Speaking of Ellen" varieties to rob one of his time and sense of decency, so there was nothing left for the man of leisure but to study politics. But later the demand for statesmen fell off and less attention was paid to their production. The people both North and South got busy gathering coin and had no time for patriotic efforts.

The United States gradually became a commercial government with the capital at Wall Street. It started there and finally drifted back to the home of its childhood.

There is nothing particularly impressive about Wall Street to the casual observer. Indeed it does not look like a street at all, but has rather the appearance of an alley or an open-top subway. It is simply a narrow passage-way between two rows of tall and imposing buildings, and many of the people who occupy them are imposing, too. The name is doubtless suggested by the high piles of brick and stones that rise up on either side, like the wall of a prison, to prevent the escape of any one who may enter the street with a dollar in his pocket.

This thoroughfare of finance has been correctly described as a short and narrow way, with a grave yard at one end and a murky river at the other; when you have spent all your money you are at liberty to take your choice between the two. Old Trinity Church guards the Broadway entrance; but there are many things told in that mar-

ket place besides the bell in the steeple. The doors of the historic sanctuary are always ajar, that the speculator may pray for help before he approaches the exchange, and return thanks for deliverance when he gets out. A life-and-a-half sized statue of General Washington has stood for many years in front of the Sub-treasury building, and all the time he has never once taken his eye off the building immediately across the street, the building occupied by J. Pierpont Morgan and Company. The first President was always regarded as a splendid judge of human nature, and he knew who needed watching.

The principal place of interest on Wall Street is what is known as the Stock Exchange. That is the place where you exchange your money for experience. The exchange is a great big square room, with no furniture in it at all, except a few sign-boards covered with rapidly appearing and disappearing figures; a stranger would think the multiplication table was playing a game of hide and seek. The visitor, looking down from the gallery, who has read of seats on the exchange selling for fabulous sums, is amazed to find that the place really has no seats at all, but the owner of that exclusive luxury has merely the privilege of standing—no, not standing, but walking about, for no one has the right to pre-empt any one particular spot. The men who rush to and fro on the floor, yelling at each other words you cannot distinguish on account of the confusion, and could not understand if there were no other noises to interfere,

are called "brokers," because they have broken so many men and women who have dealt with them.

Trading on the stock exchange is in the nature of an occult transaction. You cannot see what is going on, except when you pass your money to the broker, and you seldom see that again. Your operations consist in selling what you never had and buying what no one else owns. There is one great advantage in this kind of speculation, however; if you happen to purchase what you do not want, it makes no difference, for you do not get it anyway. The cotton and produce exchanges conduct their business in the same absent-treatment manner; a man frequently sells ten thousand or more bales of cotton who does not actually have enough of the commodity to fill a hollow tooth; yet he is perfectly safe in doing so, because the individual who buys it does not want it, and would have no place to put it if it were delivered. Joe Leiter once bought several million bushels of wheat, and then did not have enough to make a breakfast for an English sparrow. And Joe would have gone without breakfast, too, if father had not come to his assistance.

If one wishes to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the subject matter of his stock exchange transactions, he can easily arrange to do so, but it is considerably more expensive. Instead of buying and selling on margins, as we have already described and as most poor people do, purchases may be made outright; then you get some very handsome souvenirs in the shape of stock certificates. These

are usually engraved and beautifully colored. The green ones look a good bit like overgrown bank notes, but they are not related even by marriage. Sometimes they are gotten out with a rich yellow complexion that reminds one of gold certificates, but there is a big difference. These certificates have no intrinsic value; they are only the preliminary symptoms of something you are liable to get, and may be very fitly described by St. Paul's definition of faith—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The holder of a certificate representing stock in a railroad or any other corporation is entitled to be notified when the board of directors passes a dividend, and also has the privilege of a reserved seat at the receiver's sale of the company's assets. When you actually buy the certificate the transaction is an investment, not a speculation. You invest in something you keep, and there is no trouble to keep anything you get on Wall Street.

One great advantage in the stock market methods is that anybody who has money can take a hand in the game, no matter where he may be, or what his business. Contributions may be forwarded by mail, with just as much certainty of loss as if the operator were on the ground. In fact the absent speculator has the advantage, for he saves his time, and saves some of the small change he would spend buying drinks for the other loafers round the ticker. Men who deal on Wall Street are known as bulls and bears on account of their manners.

The broker is not the selfish individual some would have you believe. He does not keep all the money his customers lose, but divides it with the professional manipulators who create the fluctuations so essential to an active market. When he sells stock in a gold or copper mine a part of the proceeds is very often used in trying to find a remote and inaccessible spot in which to locate the mine, where no curious stockholder will take the trouble to visit it. Another evidence of his generosity is the fact that as soon as he gets any inside information concerning some exceptional bargain that is about to be offered he carries it straight to his customers before any one else has a chance to avail himself of the opportunity; and he lets his friends have the whole business. No one ever heard of a broker keeping a bargain, or any part of it, for himself.

There is a system of trading in Wall Street by what is known as "puts" and "calls," a system invented by that well-known philanthropist, Russell Sage. If we may judge by the financial success of that gentleman, the system is certainly not without its merits. Very much depends, of course, upon whether you are doing the putting and calling yourself or permitting some one else to work it on you. Mr. Sage always handled the instrument. His scheme was to have the speculator leave a certain sum in his hands, then when he wanted more he would "call" his customer. When he finally got all the poor fellow had, he would "put" him out. In this manner Mr. Sage accumulated an immense

fortune in spite of his generous benefactions. He was systematic in his donations, as he was in everything else, never allowing himself to give a penny until he had thoroughly satisfied himself as to the worthiness of the object, and he never had time to investigate. In the latter part of his career Mr. Sage attributed his success largely to his practice of limiting his lunch to a single red apple. Wall Street is now the apple market of the world.

But the spirit of speculation and desire to accumulate wealth were not confined to the money-changers of Wall Street; the whole country became infected by the get-rich-quick microbe. Public officials began to use their positions to aid in acquiring more than belonged to them, and the unearned increments which were procured in this manner were designated as "graft." Finally the term was applied to anything which was gotten on the side and not stipulated in the deal.

Webster, in his book of words and what they are good for, tells us "a graft is a small shoot or branch of a tree inserted into another tree from which it derives its life and support." Therefore, according to this distinguished language specialist, anybody who gets his support out of some one else is "a grafter." For example, when one's poor kin come into the house and make themselves at home they are, for the time being, grafters. So the indolent creature who loafs round talking politics, while his wife takes in washing to buy his clothes and tobacco, is the worst kind of a grafter. The term "graft" is also of well established use in the

terminology of modern surgery. A surface wound is healed by grafting the skin of one person on another. Therefore, "skinning" a man is a grafting process; in fact any sort of a skin game is graft.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ERA OF CORPORATIONS

It was while Theodore Roosevelt was First Consul of the American Republic that corporations became so conspicuous in public affairs. They had been among us for many years, but the people had really never made their intimate acquaintance before that time. To whom is due the credit for the invention of these fictitious persons we are not able to say, but it was doubtless some one who was about to make a business venture in the financial success of which he had little confidence. The difference between a corporation and an individual is that the former has all the privileges of the latter without assuming the obligations. When an individual engages in a business enterprise he must take his chance; if it succeeds, all right; if it fails, he fails with it. Not so with a corporation; it is so constituted that it may keep the resultant profits and repudiate the losses.

Corporations, we have been taught, have no souls; that is to say, they are altogether material and have nothing to do with the Hereafter; a contention that observation seems to confirm. When a corporation becomes bankrupt either

through accident or design it simply dissolves—which is the legal expression for going out of existence. Of course it could not do this, if, like other immortal things, it had a soul. When it dissolves the individuals who composed it may start over in some new corporate name. The advantage of this privilege is apparent; should a creditor of the old concern come round and present his bill against the Consolidated Grafting Company, the president, Mr. Swindle, simply says: "My dear sir, you are too late. There is no such company. It went out of existence last week. This is now the office of the Amalgamated Skinning Company, Limited."

"But," replies the claimant, "are you not the same people and doing the same business?"

"Quite true. We are the same and doing the same," says Mr. Swindle, "but the new concern has nothing whatever to do with the old."

Here the advantage of a soulless being is again apparent; for, if it had a future existence, it is easy to guess where the scorned creditor would suggest the company should arrange to spend that future.

When the beauties of this system of liquidation began to be understood by the public, corporations became exceedingly popular. They not only grew in number, but they waxed in strength. Finally it occurred to some particularly resourceful operator that if individuals could profit by associating themselves together in corporations, why would it not be wise for a number of companies to unite in one body? They tried it and the effect was most grati-

fying. This new consolidation of consolidations was called a Trust, because it was a sort of confidence game.

It was not a great while until corporations, little and big, began to claim everything in sight, and they usually got all they claimed. A person doing business in his own name, or even in the name of his wife—for many cautious individuals have their business and religion in the names of their wives—had no chance in the world to compete with a corporation. The business advantage lies partly in the dual existence of the latter, for every man who incorporates leads a double life, speaking from a business standpoint. He can be himself and get the benefit of all that his personal character entitles him to receive, and at the same time round up a few fat dividends in the name of his company by indulging in certain transactions he would not dare conduct as a member of his family and a prominent citizen. On Sunday morning he can go to church, on Sunday afternoon he can lecture to his Sunday-school class on the importance of keeping the Sabbath by abstaining from all kinds of worldly employment; but his corporation goes on doing business just the same, and the oil of gladness keeps flowing through the pipe line. Or he may lay an offering on the altar of charity where it will do much good and attract a great deal of attention, and next day send his corporation out to sand-bag some poor fellow and get it back with a liberal bonus besides.

Just a plain, ordinary human being, who has to

account in his own proper person for all he does and all he has, cannot do things that way. If he does the law will get him here and the devil will get him hereafter. But what does it matter if the corporation does break every one of the commandments? When the day of judgment is at hand all the president of the concern has to do is to march boldly up to the desk and present an extract from the minute book, certified under the corporate seal, showing that at a duly called meeting of the stockholders it was agreed by unanimous vote to dissolve the company, together with an affidavit setting forth that said resolution was published for four successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation in the county wherein the corporation was domiciled. As a matter of fact the meeting does not have to be held at all; all that is necessary is to have the minutes properly written up when they are needed. It is then useless to pursue the affair further, so Gabriel will charge it up to profit and loss.

The fact that a corporation does not have to bother about its methods, but is perfectly free to use any opportunity in sight, enables it, of course, to do a better business than it could otherwise hope to conduct. Look at all the very rich men we have, and you will see that most of them have prospered through their corporate operations. Take our good brother, John D. Rockefeller, for instance. He has not done a really hard day's work for years; yet while he is playing golf and telling poor people how to enjoy their misery, his corpora-

tions go right along collecting tolls for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and one day more every leap year. And see the result. Why, he has so much money he had to start a number of banks so he could use the income to pay himself the interest on his daily balances! In that way he disposes of his surplus and at the same time keeps anybody else from getting it.

And there is Scotland's contribution to America, Andrew Carnegie. He has raked together some four or five hundred millions in a comparatively short time, and used a corporation rake when doing it. Nobody believes he could have accomplished so much by any other means. He built up a great steel corporation, then took a mortgage on all it and retired from business. Since then Mr. Carnegie has devoted the greater part of his time to erecting monuments to himself all over the country—monuments; he calls them libraries. The city or town that secures one of these libraries must first agree to build part of it with its own money, then give bond with approved security that it will levy an annual tax for four thousand years to come, which tax is to be used in taking care of the memorial, giving special attention to the gilded letters of his name above the door lest they become tarnished. What a comfort it will be for the poor fellows who must toil to pay this perennial tax to go into the libraries on holidays, when they cannot work, there to sit down and read Baxter's Saints' Rest or Carnegie's Blessings of Self-Denial!

Contented Andy is now president of the Optimist Club of America. And why should he not be? Was any one ever better equipped to be optimistic than he? The pass-word of the club is "Smile," and he has so many things to make him smile. It is noticeable, though, that he is not in the habit of dropping in and asking the boys to have a smile with him. The truth is, the world is full of men any one of whom would not only smile, but roar with laughter, if they had Mr. Carnegie's income for a single day. The difference between the optimist and the pessimist, according to the creed of this club, is that the former sees the doughnut, while the latter sees only the hole in the center. Of course the club president sees no hole in his doughnut; it is all cake from center to circumference. But there are multitudes of human beings who have to content themselves with rimless doughnuts. It is the kind of optimism that gladdens the hearts of these needy creatures for which there is a steady demand.

Another conspicuous example of corporate benefits is found in the very profitable business career of J. Pierpont Morgan, who has made a specialty of organizing and controlling financial institutions. For a number of years Mr. Morgan has devoted his attention largely to the operation of a corporation dry dock, where enterprises which do not float readily when first launched are overhauled and made sea-worthy. For this service there is a liberal reward, which enables him to make additions to his art collections. Mr. Morgan is very inti-

mate with the crowned heads and other empty heads of the European countries, to whom he frequently advances loans on their jewels, thrones and castles. It is unusual to find him without a number of kingdoms on hand, which he has acquired in foreclosure proceedings.

There are many others who might be mentioned in this connection if it were necessary. Just a word may be said about Hettie Green, who simply dotes on corporation stocks and bonds. She owns the Chemical National and a few other small banks, and could, indeed, have been a very rich woman but for the extravagant way in which she has lived. Year after year she has paid as much as sixteen dollars a month for a flat in Hoboken, when she might have rented one plenty good on the lower East-side for fourteen and a half, or even less. It was not only the difference in rent she was losing during all that period, but likewise the time she consumed in crossing the ferry, time which might have been spent in sweeping out the bank, thus saving the janitor's pay.

CHAPTER XXII

CORPORATE LEGISLATION AND INVESTIGATION

In course of time the people who owned no corporations, but had to work for a living, grew tired of their disadvantages, and began to complain of corporate greed. Efforts were made to secure legislative restraints, but very little was at first accomplished in that direction, because the law-making bodies were usually either made up of or controlled by representatives of the companies complained of. The two great political parties regularly made solemn promise in their platforms to destroy the trusts, but when election was over they recalled the obligations they were under for campaign assistance, and decided that ingratitude was even worse than bad faith. This sort of thing was kept up till Mr. Roosevelt entered upon his second term. Then it was found that public sentiment was united in its hostility towards corporations and its determination to reform them. The President realized the reformation was bound to come, so he decided to take hold of it and call it his own. True the concerns against which he now proposed to wage war had practically all aided him in his election, but what of that? He was elected

now and it might be some time before he would again need their assistance. He had learned while leading the life of a cow-boy on the Western plains that it was much safer to run with the herd than against it, so now he dashed to the front and became leader of the crusade.

In order to show his uncompromising attitude toward combinations, and his fixed purpose to destroy them, the President ordered the familiar inscription stricken from the coin of the nation, because it contained the word "trust"; then he gave orders that all railroads should be haltered and broken to the saddle, and that the Standard Oil Company should be scourged from the face of the earth. He clenched his fist and brought his teeth together with a firmness which indicated that no guilty man should escape, and few that were innocent. Congress was notified that it must follow instructions to the letter or get out of Washington, and the several State governments were warned that they would be permitted to exist only so long as orders from the White House were obeyed in every detail.

The wrath of the people and the ravings of the politicians were directed in the main against railroad companies. Why it should have been so is hard to understand, for railroad owners and employes have always been amazingly considerate of the common people. The accommodation and pleasure of the public has always been their first concern. If you happen to owe a railroad anything it insists that you shall take your own time

about paying it, while if there should be something coming to you on account of an overcharge on a shipment of dried apples, a man is sent round yesterday or to-day, or never later than to-morrow, to bring you the exact change and an apology for having made the mistake.

It has long been a matter of comment how anxious everybody about a railroad station is to give one information concerning a late train for which one is waiting. Address the ticket agent, and when he gets good and ready he points to a window across the room labeled, "Information Bureau." You go there and wait for the attendant to check a grip and an umbrella for another tired traveler, and sell a ferry ticket to a fat woman carrying a baby and leading two more. Finally you get his attention and begin to inquire about your train, when the telephone rings and he takes up the receiver to engage in a long controversy concerning a piece of baggage that has gone astray. Finally you manage to put your question; whereupon he tries to tell you there is no such train as the one for which you have already bought your ticket. Then when you point it out to him on the folder, he simply says you had better go outside and see how it is chalked up on the bulletin board. You obey, and the board reports the train forty minutes late. It is really three hours behind, but they put it forty minutes to save your feelings. The idea is to break the news to you on the installment plan, and not give you more than you can stand at any one time. It must not be forgotten, either, that the

schedule of a train is meant only to fix the minimum time to be consumed. There is no promise on the part of the operating company that the train will arrive at the hour mentioned; that is simply a guarantee it will not reach the point earlier than the hour stipulated.

But in spite of all the generosity and courtesy of the railroads, the people got down on them and something had to be done. Politicians were suggesting all manner of schemes to meet the necessities of the case, when Mr. Bryan came to the front, as usual, with a complete remedy. He had spent a year investigating the subject in foreign countries—for it is the custom in recent years to go abroad to study American problems—and to his way of thinking there was but one solution, namely, *government ownership*. Forthwith he had the compound patented and offered its use to the country, provided he should be employed to administer the treatment.

Then came President Roosevelt, who in his accustomed vigorous way proceeded to demonstrate the folly of the government ownership plan, offering *government control* in its stead. Ownership, he argued, implied expense and responsibility, just what the government does not want. What object is there in owning the roads, anyway? Leave that to the stockholders, and let the government be content to direct their management. Why should the government be burdened with the cost of maintaining and operating the properties, or be bothered about the defence of damage suits when freight is

lost or when husbands, cows and other animals are killed? That should all be left to the stockholders. Furthermore, if the roads were owned by the government they could not be taxed as they now are, and everybody knows we need the money. It is infinitely more economical and far less hazardous to control the property of another than it is to own it outright.

Finally the logic of Mr. Roosevelt prevailed, State and Federal legislatures started their mills to grinding, and in a short time turned out several million wholesome statutes and arranged for a still larger production in future.

If these laws are not wise and just, the railroads have only themselves to blame for it. By far the larger number of the law-makers could never have found their way to Washington and the several State capitals but for the assistance afforded them by the railway trains. Indeed, trains have made it their business to carry so many common people that we have acquired the habit of calling them *common carriers*.

The effect of taking a few bottles of Roosevelt's Railway Regulator was very noticeable. Under the old regime favors were shown to just a few large shippers and influential politicians; now no one gets them. Formerly all the lower berths on the Pullman coaches were reserved for the pasteboard travelers; now everybody pays his fare and rides in an upper. Instead of a few getting the best of everything and the rest taking what is left, as was formerly the case, the railways now recog-

nize no obligations, make absolutely no distinctions, subjecting all alike to every lawful inconvenience and discomfort.

Passenger rates have in many localities been greatly reduced by legislative enactment, which works a great hardship on the poorer classes who never use the trains. As an observing Irishman expressed it, he used to walk and save three cents a mile; now when he walks the best he can do is to save two cents a mile.

While the work of regenerating the railroads was going on, other corporations which had incurred the displeasure of the administration were receiving a fair share of gratuitous advertising. The department of justice increased its force by the employment of some 400,000 special attorneys and 850,000 detectives. This of course helped the general situation very much, since it gave employment to a class of people whose idleness was not only a burden, but a menace to society. The average man will not take the trouble to pick a lock or a pocket when he can find a nice, easy job with a good salary attached.

One of the first proceedings under the new order of things was instituted against the Western meat packers, known in politics and romance as the Beef Trust. Some of their officers and products had gotten to be in bad odor, so the agents of the government were instructed to lay the business open to the bone.

It was no easy task to get at these offenders. One of them could not be caught, because he was

Swift, and the projectiles of the government's big guns failed utterly to pierce the Armour of another. Nevertheless, after four years of constant and bewildered activity, the legal department succeded in getting the names of the officers of several of the companies and reported progress in their efforts to procure a list of the stockholders.

The investigations of the detective force seemed to make it perfectly plain that the mercenary operators of these packing houses had even been skinning the poor dumb brutes; while positive proof was obtained that some of their meat products were made from the flesh of dead animals. Unfortunately the greater part of this incriminating evidence can not be used against the defendants, for the incredible story of their wrongdoings was obtained by the secret service men through a tedious and painful reading of "The Jungle," which it was discovered was protected by a copyright. But the government felt there was too much at steak to relax its diligence, which policy led the packers to announce that thereafter, when the meat is found to be bad, they will separate what they can, and can what they can't.

An effort was made, too, to dissolve the sugar trust. If that had been accomplished it would have revolutionized the method of sweetening. We are accustomed of course to using dissolved sugar in our toddies, but it has never been the practice in high life to put syrup in tea and coffee.

The most stubborn and spectacular battle of all was waged against the Standard Oil Company, of

New Jersey and elsewhere. For many years this was not only the largest, but the best lubricated machine on the public highway. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the merits of this corporation. One thing, however, is admitted on every hand: whatever the real character of the company may be, its work is thoroughly refined.

Standard Oil may be described as the sphinx of the trusts. It has done more business and less talking than any other operator of which we have any knowledge; in which particular it differs from those who were charged with its correction, for they did more talking and less business than all other modern prosecutors combined. The Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte, who, it is conceded, filled the office of Ex-Attorney General to the entire satisfaction of the people, gave special attention to the prosecution of this monster during the time of his engagement as legal adviser of the government. Like his very distinguished kinsman, the Honorable Napoleon Bonaparte of Corsica, who gained notoriety by his marked resemblance to Delphin M. Delmas, of San Francisco and New York, Charles J. pursued the enemy with ceaseless vigilance; and, again, like his renowned kinsman, he concluded his official career by winning a glorious defeat.

It was an exceedingly difficult case to prosecute. The defendant had not made it a business to advertise its methods. The work of the Standard Oil publicity committee was to suppress news items and elude reporters; in which efforts it had met

with marked success. Next to the man who publishes a book over his own name, the easiest person to convict of high crimes and misdemeanors is the one who is gifted in speech and freely exercises his gift. Old letters and preserved fragments of conversation are sometimes most embarrassing when suddenly brought in to confront the witness. Just as the pen is mightier than the eraser, so is assertion stronger than denial.

The Standard Oil Company had always made it a rule to give away nothing, not even its secrets. It had kept its money and grown rich; it had kept its information and grown wise. Those who are in a position to make the best guess also insist that it kept its books in such a manner that they disclose nothing whatever, except to the members of the Oil family. Not only so, but most of the operations of the company are carried on under the surface. Its pipe lines are buried out of sight and the liquid assets flow through them without a ripple or a murmur.

But in spite of all these precautions, and in spite of all the untold tales, a suspicion arose that the Company's untold wealth was not all righteously acquired. The difference between the lawful rate of interest, six per cent., and the dividends actually paid, usually forty-eight per cent., was commonly accepted as the measure of its iniquity. How can they do it honestly? That was the inquiry on the lips of the people. So general, indeed, became the impression that there was something wrong and very wrong, that many began to speak of the Stand-

ard Oil's wealth as "tainted money." Some, indeed, to whom it was never offered, went so far as to refuse it with scorn. But in all these days of abuse and persecution the University of Chicago and the Baptist Church never once lost faith in their benefactor, nor found fault with a Rockefeller penny—except the ones they did not get!

President Roosevelt called together his exterminating force, and in a collection of his most virile nouns, verbs and epithets gave mandatory instructions that no pains nor expense should be spared to rid the country of this giant absorber of the nation's wealth, lest we should all be speedily devoured. His forces went forth with renewed determination, and shortly their perseverance was rewarded. The attorneys and sleuths representing the government uncovered the monumental crime of the century, not committed by the particular company against which the fight was being made, but by one of its spoiled and wayward children. What difference did that make? It was all in the family and an appalling example must be made of somebody.

It seems that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana had been making shipments on a freight rate which by some inadvertence the railway company had failed to publish in technical compliance with the law—though that charge was never proved. The Oil Company had actually used the rate quoted without first sending a committee to Washington to ascertain whether the railroad company had done its full duty.

For this succession of separate and distinct crimes the Indiana Company was duly indicted by a Federal grand jury—one of the grandest juries that ever sat. It was then tried before a jury of its peers, as the law requires, and the accused was found guilty. Then the presiding judge, His Honor Kenesaw Mountain Landis, rose to the occasion and imposed a fine of $29,000,000.

But this great triumph of justice was short lived. Judge Grosscup set the verdict aside, and the Supreme Court of the United States said he did right, although the President had denounced him for his interference. What did the Supreme Court know about it? Then came another trial; this time before another judge, who actually dismissed the complaint and let the record-breaking fine get away from us just when we were planning to use it the next Panama Canal pay day! How badly we needed that money nobody but the Secretary of the Treasury will ever know. It was the opinion of one judge that the defendant should be fined $29,000,000, and of another that it should not be fined a cent. The case will go down in history as the biggest difference of opinion ever publicly expressed.

But there were still others to be called to account. The American Tobacco Company, which for a long period had been arrogant and defiant, was not to escape unwhipped. Orders were given that it should be pursued and made to smoke.

Then the Ice Company was to be handed a cold deal. In the entire trust family there was but one child whose innocence and unfailing virtue so appealed to the administration that it was to be rewarded and not punished—the United States Steel Company. This model corporation was pointed to with pride and held up as a worthy example before its less deserving playmates, and as a token of esteem and affection it was given what its heart most desired, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

The splendid result of all this prosecution is apparent in the case of the Northern Securities Company, which was one of the first patients to be treated with the Roosevelt virus. The stock of that company had already advanced about one hundred and fifty per cent. since it was convicted and dissolved.

Meanwhile some of the State authorities took the Federal cue and got into the hunt. In New York, complaint was made against the methods of the big insurance companies. The people wanted to know who was paying for Jimmie Hyde's violets and Cambon dinners. The legislature accordingly appointed an investigating committee, the members of which knew nothing whatever about the matter they were given in charge. It was therefore decided to engage the services of a professional interrogator. Arrangements were made to have the examinations conducted by Mr.

Charles E. Hughes, a New York attorney, who was reputed to be a mathematical prodigy. It is said that when a very small boy he used to carry logarithms instead of marbles around in his pockets, and consistently refused to take any nourishment unless his meals were served on the multiplication table. With his marvelous skill in manipulating figures, what a success he might have made as a Fifth Avenue tailor! He had also shown unusual genius as an inquisitor. Before he was five years old it was not an unusual thing for him to ask questions which his parents could not answer, and when he grew up it was common for him to ask questions he could not answer himself.

Day after day public hearings were conducted in the City Hall, where in the presence of the multitude ledgers were spread open and learned discussions carried on as to the best methods of extracting cube roots and finding the greatest common divisor. Yet with all his domination of mind over matter, this wonderful man demonstrated that he had a human side to his character. It had been shown that a leak had sprung in the insurance money tank; that the sacred fund drawn from the meager earnings of the people for the future protection of their widows and orphans was escaping: then it was found that a part of the waste had been dripping into the campaign bucket of the party to which Mr. Hughes belonged, and which he hoped would later belong to him.

At that point the trail was suddenly lost, and no further effort was made to locate it. What use indeed was there to go further? Money contributed to save the country is surely well spent. Moreover the insurance reserves had already grown too large, and saving, like everything else, should be done in moderation. Donald G. Mitchell used to define saving as denying yourself what you want when you are young that you may have what you do not want when you are old.

The result of all the investigation of the insurance companies was primarily to advertise Mr. Hughes, and incidentally to bring about a change in their management. The disclosures destroyed the faith the public had in the institutions, something therefore had to be done to restore it. These enormous interests were accordingly taken out of the hands of the officials who knew the business, and had grown rich, and were turned over to another set of men, who did not know the business, and wanted to grow rich.

When the time came to select a man to head the Equitable Assurance Company, the desire was to find some one whose character was in keeping with the name of the corporation. After looking the field over, the trustees were convinced that, whether equitable or not, Paul Morton had more available assurance than any other applicant for the job. Arrangements were therefore made to secure his services. He not only had his own unqualified endorsement for the position, but was likewise recommended by the President, who had previously

taken him into his official family at Washington. There may have been some things that Paul did not know about insurance, but, if so, he never was heard to confess it.

CHAPTER XXIII

NEW YORK CITY AND STATE

We are warranted, it would seem, in devoting a limited space to the special consideration of politics and politicians in the State and city of New York, not because their people are any better, or have any more per capita importance, than any other American citizens, but for the reason that we there find a greater number of them herded together, and because they complacently submit to leadership and domination which it is hard to believe an enlightened people would tolerate.

For many years the city of New York has been overwhelmingly Democratic, whenever the Democratic leaders will permit it to be so; while the balance of the State is even more certainly Republican. This naturally perpetuates a contest between the up-staters and the dwellers in the Metropolis. When the legislature convenes the bucolic delegates present a solid front, and forthwith form an alliance with the minority representatives from the big city, which usually enables them to organize the body and control its deliberations, if the proceedings of any such gathering may be referred to as "deliberations." Should some votes

be lacking to accomplish this purpose, the shortage can be made up by going into the open market and acquiring title to a few Tammany men who are open to conviction, and believe in making hay while the sun shines. Indeed the sun always shines in Albany when the legislature is in session. It never occurs to the opposition from Manhattan to bid for these accommodating patriots, for they are acquainted with them, and fear they would not be sufficiently honest to stay bought.

The result of this coalition is that the burden of all State taxation is laid on the inhabitants of the city by the sea, while the rural districts are comparatively exempt. Thus year after year the Democrats send their money up the State to build school houses in which the boys of the farmers may be taught to vote the straight Republican ticket, preserve the blessings of protection and send Chauncey Depew to the United States Senate. There is no other spot on earth where so much generosity is shown by one political party to another.

Why do the Democrats submit to it? Well, there is a reason. In New York the people have professional political leaders, who make it their business to lead in the direction that pays best; and it is an easy matter to obtain vastly more for delivering the party into the hands of its enemies than the amount that would be saved to them personally by a just distribution of taxes. There are few investments that pay half so well in that State as a well-manipulated political machine.

It must not be inferred, however, that there are

no high-class men identified with New York politics. Call the roll of celebrities and witness the line-up. There, for instance, is the accomplished chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, the Hon. W. J. Conners, alias Fingy Conners, from the city of Buffalo (with apologies to the good people of the Bison City for disclosing his habitation). He has long been called "Fingy" on account of the habit he has of eating pie with his fingers—when there is no knife handy. Fingy prides himself in being one of the common people—in fact one of the commonest, and he boasts, like the distinguished Bill Devery, of his familiarity with everything "touchin' on and appertainin' to" their welfare.

Conners is not a Frenchman, as his name would indicate. His polished Parisian manners have come to him as the result of eating French dressing on his salad at the Waldorf-Astoria, where he always stops when the committee pays the bill. He is a self-made man, as any one can tell at a glance, and the impression left on the observer is that it must have been a hurry-up job.

The State chairman was born to command—everything but confidence and respect. His genius for leadership first attracted attention when he was engaged in leading blind geese to water on his poultry farm. When in this effort he had become notably efficient he began to direct his attention to political leadership. From the very first, men followed him gladly, for no one would take a chance on walking in front, with his back to Fingy.

Conners was never a fluent speaker, though he managed to acquire the use of a few English words, which, with some of his own make and his forceful gestures, enabled him to communicate his desires to the waiter and bar tender. His public speeches always read better than they sounded to his audience; for the reporters, being unable to take his exact words, for the want of signs to fit them, usually substituted some commonplace remarks of their own before turning in the copy.

Fingy's leadership of the Democracy of the State of New York has been greatly appreciated by the Republican party, whose majority has steadily increased since he took charge. Indeed the Republicans have only themselves to blame that the immigration from the Democratic side has not been even greater, for it is no fault of Conners that all self-respecting men have not forsaken the party. The only reason they have not done so is that they have no place to go which offers any decided improvement. The Honorable Timothy Woodruff, the Republican State chairman, uses better English and wears better clothes, but that is about the only advantage he has over Fingy; while, on the other hand, Conners has the longer reach, and is so built that, when properly trained, he should be able to stand a great deal more punishment.

Woodruff was not without political experience when he took charge of the Republican machine. For a number of years he had been the highest bidder for the position of Lieutenant Governor, and, in consideration of his agreeing to finance the

State campaigns, was permitted to hold that honorary office for two or three terms. Providence was surely kind to the people of New York to preserve the lives of their Governors during that time, and thus avert a public disaster. It was taking a chance, wholly unjustified, to separate Tim from the executive office by only one poor uncertain life. Woodruff and Conners have both always been exceedingly popular with the cartoonists, who say it is the easiest thing in the world to picture them to look ridiculous.

The political history of the city of New York is very similar to that of the state, from which it is distinguished chiefly by its excessive cost and gross incompetency. Greater New York, as it is now proudly called, was formed in the year 1898 by the consolidation of the old town with the village across the river known as Brooklyn, or the City of Churches. The latter name is, however, more or less misleading, for its buildings are not all used as houses of worship, nor do the people all devote their time exclusively to religious observance. There are two or three saloons, a dime museum and a Childs' restaurant located within the limits of the borough. Since the consolidation of the two municipalities and the construction of a number of connecting bridges and tunnels, which, with the ferries, make it comparatively easy to get from one place to the other, a great many New Yorkers have been using Brooklyn as a dormitory. Beds are cheaper over there, and one's rest is not so apt to be disturbed by nocturnal noises as on the

busy Manhattan side. On account of the fact that so many voters sleep and have their washing done in Brooklyn, thus establishing that as their legal residence, the place of necessity has considerable political importance.

The first municipal election held after the consolidation resulted in a Democratic victory. Robert J. Van Wyck was chosen Mayor of the Greater City and proceeded at once to divide the spoils among his political friends, who had put him in office for that purpose. It is indeed to his credit that he was disposed to make a division; for it frequently happens that men exalted to places of great opportunity forget their friends and appropriate to their own use all the perquisites of official life and environment.

The condition of the city during the Van Wyck administration became notoriously bad. Since then, however, it has grown to be so much worse that in recent years the people look back upon that period as one of comparative innocence and purity. The police department, under "the best chief the city ever had," as the Mayor spoke of the Honorable Bill Devery, was then considered and used solely as a political asset. No attention whatever was paid to the details of decency and order. Gamblers, second-story men and crooks of every description were practically unmolested; but in spite of all that, it must be admitted that human life was at that time safer in New York than it has been since. Devery did draw the line on murder, and did pursue the slayer with effective dili-

gence, which has not always been the case since his retirement. As a result, manslaughter was not so common. But after all is there any real advantage in having one's life spared, if one is to be robbed of its means of support? Lucky indeed is the man to whom food and raiment are allowed by the tax-gatherer and grafters in New York!

When the time came round to elect Van Wyck's successor there was a very general demand for the overthrow of "the Democratic ring," as it was called. Republicans, mugwumps, religionists, socialists, fanatics and somnambulists all banded together in what they designated as "a fusion movement," for the purpose of delivering the city out of the hands of the pirates and restoring it to the state of civic righteousness it had never had. In order to free the undertaking from political color and odor, a candidate was selected for mayor who was not only without any important official experience, but utterly lacking in political sagacity, the Honorable Seth Low, President of Columbia University. He had, it is true, mayorized the village of Brooklyn, delivered a few lectures on political economy to the students and contributed two or three articles to the magazines on the science of government; but beyond that had not touched the practical side of the problem, except when he crowded his way to the polls on election day. The professor was highly esteemed for his gentility and culture, but neither of these admirable qualities count for much at the City Hall, unless backed up

by some rugged knowledge of men as they are found in real life.

The Low campaign was conducted in the name of reform, a name that is often used to cover a political movement which has neither plan nor purpose, except to encompass the defeat of a party that has made itself objectionable. Nevertheless the aimless ticket was successful, and the keys of the city were turned over for a period of two years to a lot of amateurs, who could neither locate the municipal pain nor prescribe a sensible remedy when it was accidentally discovered. It was not long, therefore, until the utter helplessness of the Mayor and his cabinet compelled them to call for help, in doing which they put themselves in the hands of a gang of camp-followers, who had deserted the opposition because they had no chance to work their shell-game there against the experts of their own craft. So the last estate of the city was worse than the first.

Until the end of the term a lot of official misfits maladministered the affairs of the city, and were not even sufficiently awake to the situation to realize their woeful failure. The theorists and cranks who ran the campaign now insisted upon running the administration, and were permitted to have an important part in it. There was Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst—a very good and useful man in his place, but seldom in it—who got the notion into his head that, if all the human people could be driven out of New York and only bloodless effigies be permitted to remain within her walls, the city

might indeed be made a very habitable place. He accordingly assigned himself a share in the responsibility, and undertook to bring about the needed transformation by playing the role of a detective during the week and delivering sensational sermons from his pulpit on Sundays. Needless to say in his gum-shoe slumming tours he made some most interesting discoveries; and on each succeeding day of worship told the story of his unspeakable experiences with such graphic detail that the seats in his tabernacle were as eagerly sought as the seats in the bleachers at the Polo Grounds when Hans Wagner and the other Pittsburg Pirates are billed to wallop Mugsey McGraw's Giants. Since the world began, and even further back,—so far as we have any knowledge,—most men and all women have had a fondness for listening to stories of human frailty and folly, even if obliged to go to church to hear them.

By this method Dr. Parkhurst became a thoroughly advertised man, and the unsavory side of New York life widely exploited. In the course of time he came to be recognized as one of the most proficient prospectors for crime in all the country, and could be depended upon to locate beds of iniquity and deposits of paying dirt even without the aid of surface outcroppings. There is, however, some question whether the man who digs up more venomous snakes than he can kill is a public benefactor. Exposure without extermination does not cripple vice.

When the administration of Mayor Low came

to an end, no one was inclined to find fault with him for failing to make good; the only thing for which he was blamed was that he did not know better than to undertake a work so incompatible with his gifts and accomplishments. The world never quarrels with the painter because he cannot make shoes, but it does feel that he has no business to spoil a side of leather in demonstrating his lack of skill. Naturally the result of this "reform administration" was to make it easy for Tammany to regain its power. The people soon forget that they have been robbed, if the act be skillfully performed, but they have no patience with bungling incapacity.

Since its organization Tammany Hall has been the most powerful local political machine in the country. It is looked upon as the representative Democratic institution of Manhattan, which for many years it was; but more recently it cannot be said to be so. True, it is composed of Democrats, but that its influence is exerted in the interest of the Democratic party is at least debatable. Tammany has for the last decade been run first, last and all the time, for the exclusive use and benefit of a few greedy politicians, who use the name of Democracy to obtain the favor of the masses, but serve the party only when and to the extent that it is personally profitable to do so. There is no field in all the world in which the opportunities for political plunder are comparable to the territory bounded by the municipal limits of New York City. Therefore, for the purposes of the syndicate in

control, it is infinitely more important to perpetuate Tammany's local rule than it is to aid the party in carrying the State or nation. There is then no hesitation about sacrificing the latter in the interest of the Tammany ticket, nor can any Democrat have the assistance of the organization in securing a local office who does not at least encourage the impression that he will be subject to the domination of the Hall.

Tammany's headquarters are located on Fourteenth Street, near Tom Sharkey's saloon. Many good men and good Democrats belong to it, but they do not control it; they are simply contributing members. The chief manipulator and beneficiary of the machine for a number of years has been an Irish-American by the name of Charley Murphy. This is not related to discredit the Irish-Americans, for as a rule they are among our squarest and best citizens. Murphy is a man of very ordinary personality who has accomplished extraordinary results, considering that he has operated in a civilized community which is presumed to stand for law and order. His literary attainments compare favorably with those of the State chairman, Fingy Conners, who has none. Murphy is a much more agreeable talker, for he has less to say. His habitual silence is, indeed, his most pleasing attribute. In the conduct of political duties he has the assistance of an able corps of lieutenants, who in return for their services are permitted to share the kitty, the winnings of the game always going into Charley's deep pocket. Murphy

sticks to the party for the same reason that the leech sticks to its victim—for what can be got out of it.

As the time approached for the election in the fall of 1903, Murphy thought it would not be a bad idea to have a mayor of his own; for he had found it was not only difficult but expensive to hold up a city without the assistance of the chief executive officer. He accordingly selected as his candidate a young man whom he had been training some months for the job. George B. McClellan was a promising lad; he promised to love, honor and obey his boss, and forsaking all others cleave only unto him till the end of the term. For two years he kept that vow as consistently as it is usually observed in the twentieth century. Largely because he was the son of his father, and had, prior to his association with Murphy, been in the habit of keeping good company, McClellan went in by a flattering majority. Owing to his shortness of stature in the early part of his administration the people called him "Little Mac." They afterward continued to call him the same, but for a different reason.

In the campaign which followed, fortunately for Little Mac, the opposition failed to fuse. There was a regular Republican ticket in the field, and a third, headed by William Randolph Hearst, the last-named making its fight on a municipal ownership platform, which, the people were told, meant that they should own and control all public utilities, though the real intent was that both the utili-

ties and the people should be owned and controlled by Hearst. The appeal was, however, decidedly popular and gathered a tremendous following. Democrats and Republicans had both been tried, and many were of the opinion that the new party could do no worse. McClellan finally won out, but by a very narrow margin, while William M. Ivans, the Republican candidate, ran a poor third. But the controversy was not yet ended.

Hearst demanded a recount of the vote. He did not believe the election was fairly conducted, an opinion McClellan seemed to share, for he resisted every attempt to open the ballot boxes and get at the facts. Such an attitude is inconceivable on the part of a man who has faith in the correctness of the returns, or who is unwilling to hold an office that does not belong to him. This surprising stand taken by the mayor led many who had supported him to doubt that he had either won or was fit to win. The fight was carried into the courts, where it dragged its way for three long years; meanwhile Hearst posed as a martyr, and was spared the humiliation of failing to keep the senseless and insincere promises he had made during the campaign. It also enabled him to force his nomination for Governor of the State on the Democratic ticket, in opposition to Charles E. Hughes, the Republican candidate, who in like manner was chosen by the Republican machine because it could not help itself.

Only two years had passed since Shifty Charley had placarded "Bothersome Bill" as an anarchist

and traitor; in return for which courtesy the picture of the Tammany leader, in horizontal stripes, was given prominence in the rogues gallery of the saffron journals owned by the lanky Californian. They had said many things about each other which their respective families would not care to have incorporated in the epitaphs inscribed on their respective monuments, yet the two were now joined together in the holy bonds of politics and mutual adoration. The public was, however, inclined more to credit their first published estimates of each other than the second: and many Democrats felt that even the puritanical Hughes, whose warmest impulse would chase the mercury out of the lower end of the tube, might do less harm at Albany than the newly organized firm of Murphy and Hearst, for there was only one of Hughes, but two of the others. Hearst was therefore for the second time excused from bearing the burden of public office. He was not, however, retired from public interference; for his generous and respected father had left him a liberal portion of this world's goods, by means of which he was enabled to procure the use of other things he did not inherit in abundant measure. Brains may always be had by paying the market price, and it is to the credit of William Randolph that he was not niggardly in making these purchases. Thus he acquired the benefit of an intellectual asset which gave his publications an influence that had to be reckoned with.

Governor Hughes misread his constitutional in-

structions and limitations, and mistook himself for the State legislature. Instead of devoting his energies to executing the laws, which some well-informed men conceive to be the duty of an executive officer, he was apparently more anxious to execute the members of the law-making body who were not inclined to enact or amend the statutes in the manner prescribed by the Governor. He seemed to have a feeling that he could not earn his salary by doing nothing but his own work; therefore, being a conscientious man, he undertook to make up the difference by laboring in a field which had been assigned to others. It was not long, as might have been expected, until the entire effort of Mr. Hughes and the leaders of his party was consumed in watching and check-mating each other to the neglect of the real interests of the State.

In like manner the second term of George B. McClellan as mayor of New York City was marked by the absence of harmony and team work in the official family, on account of which the administration descended into a bitter struggle—a sort of a battle-royal, each man in the ring endeavoring to vindicate himself by knocking out the others.

The public career of McClellan, though pathetic, was not without its amusing aspects and incidents. Some humorist suggested that his magnificent qualities of leadership might find a field of activity better suited to his proportions in the national arena. George, with his usual modesty, acquiesced in the proposal and seriously regarded

himself as not only a Presidential possibility, but as the man of the hour, destined to enter without further waiting upon a brilliant career. There was of course no harm in the delusion, and it was a sweet dream while it lasted. Bigger men than he have deceived themselves, and smaller men have at times looked longingly toward the Presidency.

The Democratic regulars in the Brooklyn division of the city have for a long while been taking their orders from an ungainly specimen by the name of Patrick McCarren, whose daring methods commend him to his followers and even provoke the admiration of many who oppose him. Pat has in his time been called by many names which would not entitle him to a front seat in a holiness convention, but no one has ever regarded him as a fool or a hypocrite. Indeed he has never posed as a statesman or a public benefactor; on the contrary, he has claimed to be only what he is, a practical politician playing the game for the spoils, and nothing else. While he loves the excitement of political contention, as every Irishman does, it is not for the purpose of gratifying that consuming passion of his soul that he devotes his time to the business, but solely for the benefit of Pat himself. He may have lost some sleep on account of these engagements, but never any coin. Such indeed is his grasp on the political situation and his ability for getting results that some very potential interests have found it wise to engage his services in their behalf both in the city and at Albany, and it is rumored that he is not in the habit of

bestowing his favors without exacting what he deems an adequate compensation. Even so powerful a concern as Standard Oil has not scorned his assistance.

The personal relations between McCarren and Murphy have not been uniformly cordial and affectionate. Indeed they have at times become so hostile that each has been tempted to indulge in truthful utterance and say some very ugly things about the other. Charley's bitterness toward Pat is in a great measure due to the latter's persistent refusal to permit the gory paw of the Tammany tiger to be laid upon the innocent and unsuspecting inhabitants of the City of Churches. That is indeed the principal reason for the high esteem in which Pat is held by many of the people of that borough. They know that Murphy has no chance to cross the bridge while the elongated McCarren stands on guard, for Pat can fight just as hard as Charley, and with a good deal more intelligence. Therefore they stand Pat, knowing it is the strongest hand they can play, and they submit to his leadership for the same reason that one consents to vaccination—to avoid something worse.

There have been other political figures of more or less importance in Brooklyn, to be sure, but none quite so unique and impressive as Saint Patrick. Bird Coler has had his legal habitation there for many moons, and has managed to keep his name before the public with consistent regularity. However, Brooklyn should not be blamed for that; every community has to put up with some disad-

vantages. The State of New York has had many narrow escapes from disaster, but never had a closer call than when Coler ran for Governor. At that time he was not so well known, and it was a small majority by which he was defeated; yet one for which the friends of the State will never cease to be truly thankful.

Not the least celebrated individual among the many who dwell in the metropolis is William Travers Jerome, who for an unreasonably long period has been permitted to draw the salary of the district attorney. He ran as an independent candidate, and went into the office claiming he was under obligations to no living man. The truthfulness of that proclamation seems to be borne out by the manner in which he has conducted himself in the position. He has never put forth any official exertion which would indicate that he owed anything to the community or to any one interested in it. If indeed there was ever any indebtedness to the public, it was repudiated, not discharged. He made a most spectacular campaign. Running at a time when increasing lawlessness seemed to call for heroic treatment, he denounced evildoers in his own forceful and dramatic style, pledging himself, if elected, to follow the trail of crime even to the very door of the rich and powerful. That promise he literally kept; he followed a number of trails to the very threshold of the perpetrators—trails, too, so fresh and well marked that it would have been difficult to lose them; but when he reached the door he was too polite to enter without a formal

invitation. Yes, he followed many a culprit to his hiding place, but seldom smoked one out.

New York City has much in its history of which it may be justly proud; but there is nothing which more forcefully demonstrates its greatness and inherent strength than the fact that the city has grown greater, and even better, in many respects, in spite of the kind of people who have for generations misruled it.

CHAPTER XXIV

LINING UP FOR 1908

The second term of President Roosevelt was still young when the public began to speculate as to the identity of his successor. Some indeed were bold enough to declare that he should succeed himself, insisting that his second term was in fact his first, inasmuch as the service he rendered the first four years — lacking a few months — was performed as the substitute for another. Furthermore, they argued, the unwritten law against a third term had no application whatever in this instance, for Mr. Roosevelt was an exception to every rule, and in no way bound by the precedents which regulate the conduct of ordinary men. Why should this supreme product of the twentieth century be measured and restricted by the standards which were applied to ordinary men like George Washington?

But some one, who had the disagreeable habit of remembering the past, called attention to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, when last a candidate for the Presidency, had most solemnly pledged himself against a third term. Could he now disregard that promise? Yes; he could; but would it pay? It

was not the pledge which restrained him from running again, as he was now greatly inclined to do, but the fear that his broken promise would encompass his defeat. It often happens that men keep their pledges not because they so sincerely respect the force of the obligation, but because they fear the penalty of a broken faith. Mr. Roosevelt had said he would not run again, and he proposed to keep his word, for he doubted whether he could run successfully in the face of it.

If, however, he could not succeed himself, he proposed to do the next best thing, name the man who should. That it was his purpose to surrender the throne only to the individual of his personal choice he made no attempt to conceal. True this was a popular form of government in which the people were supposed to choose their own rulers; but that principle was adopted many years ago, when human intelligence was fairly well distributed. But why should the masses now be consulted when all matters pertaining to their welfare might readily be determined for them by one of boundless wisdom? Leave it to him. There were some short-sighted persons, of course, who protested against the people executing an irrevocable power of attorney authorizing Mr. Roosevelt to exercise all the political rights and privileges belonging to them, but they were promptly given to understand their opinions were not in demand, and were informed that the next President had already been selected for them.

It was the good fortune of one William Howard

Taft to have gained the favor of the President and to be designated as his political residuary legatee. In some accidental manner Mr. Roosevelt's attention had been directed to Willie when the latter—a mere lad weighing only about 375 pounds—was playing on the streets of Cincinnati, unconscious of the glory that awaited him when he grew up. There was something about the urchin that appealed to the observing President. He turned to Loeb and said, "You know I've got a hunch there's something in that boy?"

Willie, who overheard the remark, smiled approvingly, for he had just finished his dinner.

It may be well to note in passing that Loeb was the man who made all Roosevelt's mistakes. Somebody had to make them, so why not Loeb?

"Come, my boy, how would you like to go with me and let me make a man of you?" inquired the President.

"Bully," replied the frail and timid child.

"Then run along," said Mr. Roosevelt, "wash your hands and face, and I'll take you to Washington. If you'll stick to me and do as you are told, some day I'll make you President of the United States."

Willie was greatly pleased with these few kind words of the gracious stranger and wisely lost no time in doing his bidding. He stuck to his discoverer as he was told to do, and the President, be it said to his credit, stuck to Willie and made a great ruler of him.

After some months of private tutorage in the art

of controlling the common people, Bill, as he began to be called at the Cabinet meetings and on the golf links, was told that he was about to be given a try-out in one of the minor leagues. His political Godfather and instructor had determined to send him to the Philippines, where, as Governor General, he might practice to his heart's content on the defenseless people of those far-off islands. A better training ground could nowhere be found, for these subdued Filipinos had never known what it is to be free and were therefore fit subjects for political experiments; nor were they in a position to question the authority of their ruler, whose word was the supreme law of the land, backed up by the American flag and Uncle Sam's bayonets.

Governor General Taft developed considerable imperial talent while thus engaged. The familiarity he acquired with military affairs during the time he was in charge of our musket government in the Orient suggested to the President the propriety of appointing him as Secretary of War. He was accordingly recalled and placed in charge of that important folio.

While in charge of the War Department of the United States Government the Secretary was given still further exercise helpful in his course of training for the presidency. He was made boss of the canal diggers at Panama.

The French Government had many years prior to that time conceived the idea of constructing a ship canal across that narrow strip of land by which North and South America are tied together.

The necessary franchise had been procured and a vast deal of money spent to little or no purpose. The failure to procure results commensurate with the tremendous cost of the project had been the occasion of much scandalous and acrimonious criticism. More mud was thrown at the officials in charge of the work than was shoveled from the ditch. Finally when the resources and patience of the French people were exhausted they began to cast about for some one upon whom they might unload the ill-fated enterprise. Negotiations were entered into with the United States, which ultimately resulted in the purchase by the latter of the canal franchise, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, including a number of rusty snow-plows and sundry well-developed scandals.

The sum paid for this job-lot of goods and chattels, rights and privileges, encumbrances and regrets, was $40,000,000. At any rate that is the sum which was appropriated to consummate the deal made and reported by the representatives of the government. A small part of it was used of course in the payment of incidental and accidental expenses. Certain American newspapers, that were over-anxious to supply their readers with sensational matter, were bold and reckless enough to charge that the entire amount of the consideration did not reach the goal for which it started—a most absurd accusation. For the circulation of this baseless charge they were promptly rebuked by the act of a Federal grand jury.

The publication of defamatory editorials is not

only unworthy, but is exceedingly unprofitable when it is held, as in the cases cited, that a jury of the writer's peers can be found only in the city of Washington.

We believe absolutely in the freedom of the press; also in the freedom of the author, and to have the latter it is essential to keep out of jail. Therefore to enjoy the fullest freedom one must write with becoming discretion.

William Nelson Cromwell did charge a fee for his services, as every lawyer has a right to do, but it was merely nominal. A million or two dollars for a couple of weeks' work is not unreasonable, when it is considered that out of that amount he paid the fee of the notary who took the acknowledgment of the deed.

The importance of the Panama Canal had for a long while been apparent even to the most casual observer, affording, as it will when finished, direct water transportation from ocean to ocean, without rounding the Horn, as vessels are now obliged to do. But with the acquisition of the Philippines by the United States, the early completion of the canal became imperative. In the event, for instance, of Japan's undertaking to deprive us of those distant burdens, the opening of the short Panama route might enable some of our ships to get back to a place of safety on the Atlantic coast before they could be caught, which saving we could scarcely hope to effect without a doorway of escape through the Isthmus. True, it is an expensive bit of work,

but if we must go where we have no business the course of retreat should be kept open at any cost.

It was first proposed to construct the canal by private contract, awarding the work to the lowest bidder. Indeed that course was pursued until bids were actually received and opened; then it appeared that the lowest responsible applicants did not happen to be the parties into whose laps the administration desired the plums to fall. Promptly it occurred to those in authority that it would after all be better for Uncle Sam to do his own digging. The supervision of the work would afford Mr. Taft a splendid opportunity to get regular and instructive exercise, which was indeed the most important consideration. The portly Secretary was accordingly instructed to report for duty and demonstrate what he could do on the job. He thereupon boarded two sea-worthy war vessels and at high tide floated out into the deep water of the Atlantic bound for Panama.

Upon the arrival of this large party at the Isthmus a tour of inspection was immediately begun. It was, however, shortly discovered that in order to allow the Secretary to pass along the entire course of the work it was necessary to first widen the Culebra cut. The inspection of that portion of the canal was therefore deferred until his second visit. Thereafter very satisfactory progress was made in the construction, considering the many serious obstacles which had to be met and overcome. To expedite the building of the canal it was found necessary not only to throw over the

dirt, but also to overthrow the government of the country through which the channel was being cut. It is understood, of course, that no one acting for or in behalf of the United States had anything whatever to do with fomenting the periodical revolutions which occurred in the region of the operations. Earthquakes, volcanoes and revolutions are indigenous to that tropical section of the globe; it just happened by a strange and fortunate coincidence that these political upheavals ripened at a time when they were most helpful, and no one was to blame for their maturing at that particular period.

Early in the year 1908 Mr. Taft found he could not continue to give his undivided attention to the work of building the canal; he was reminded that he had some fence building of his own to look after in the States. While his nomination for the Presidency for the term beginning in March, 1909, seemed practically assured, Mr. Roosevelt thought it prudent to give some heed to the formalities expected of those who are shortly to be inducted into high office. There was more or less opposition to be quelled, and a few vainly ambitious individuals to be removed from the royal pathway. In spite of the explicit instructions that had been issued from the White House, certain visionary and ill-advised persons dared hope and even suggest that their claims to the Presidency should be given consideration.

There was Uncle Joe Cannon, alias the Illinois Thunderbolt, lightweight political champion of the

Middle West, into whose waiting ear some one had whispered the story of his fitness for the highest office in the gift of the people, and in his credulous soul he actually believed it. Had he not for years lorded it over the House of Representatives in a manner that left no doubt as to his kingly qualities? Had he ever failed to subdue quickly and effectually the recalcitrant members of that turbulent body by the heroic application of his own drastic rules? Was there any reason then why he should not be trusted to exercise domination over all the people dwelling in the United States and in their dependencies in the uttermost parts of the earth? Yes, one very forceful reason and one that could not be overcome—Theodore Roosevelt. His decree had gone forth that Uncle Joe was unfit, and the people were in harmonious accord with that decision. Therefore Uncle Joe, the dignified and mild-mannered man of chaste and elegant utterance; the man of rambling speech and straggling beard, the man of strong prejudice and strong cigars, was doomed to disappointment. Cannon was fired, and the only consolation granted him was the complimentary vote of his own State, which it was willing to give so long as there was no possibility of his nomination.

A more troublesome source of opposition to the candidacy of Mr. Taft developed in his own State, Ohio. Joseph Benson Foraker was not always able to procure for himself the prizes he coveted, but there was never a time in his long and eventful public career when he could not fill the heart of his

opponent with fear and misgiving. For many years he had been a conspicuous figure in the affairs of the nation, and he was conceded by all to possess splendid ability, unfailing courage and many of the qualities of a statesman. There could be no doubt as to his party regularity, for he was regular to a fault, and had always been an advocate of Republicanism in its most pronounced and virulent form. Indeed, his partisanship was ofttimes not only aggressive, but likewise offensive. He had been the Governor of his State and had for a long while creditably represented his people in the Senate of the United States. Foraker was one of the foremost constitutional lawyers of his day; a man of broad culture and attractive personality. But with all he had to commend him to the national convention, he lacked one thing—lacking which his Presidential aspirations in the year 1908 must come to naught; he had failed to avow his faith in the omnipotence and infallibility of Theodore Roosevelt. Yea, more; he had even challenged the wisdom of certain official acts of the President, and in some instances had even gone so far as to question the authority of that great ruler, and in his blind zeal had insisted that the Constitution should be observed even by the Chief Magistrate. No wonder he was marked for slaughter! What could he expect but political excommunication?

The most grievous offense of the Senator at this particular time was his plain-spoken protest against the action of the President in discharging from service in the regular army an entire negro

battalion, certain members of which had been guilty of gross misconduct. It appears that this body of sable soldiers was encamped near the town of Brownsville, Texas. Pay-day came round and some of these dusky warriors proceeded to invest their newly acquired wealth in that exhilarating beverage concocted of wood alcohol and tobacco juice, and labeled under the pure food law as suitable only for the extermination of carnivorous wild beasts, for Indians on the war-path and negro picnics. When these soldiers had partaken bounteously of this rejuvenating fluid, an unwonted courage began to possess them; whereupon they proceeded to enter the town of Brownsville and discharge their muskets in the presence of the white inhabitants with a recklessness never displayed by any sane and sober coon in a Texas community.

The assault was made in the night time, when there was such marked similarity between the color effect of the atmosphere and the complexion of the uniformed miscreants that it was utterly impossible to identify the guilty parties; for if all coons look alike when they may be seen, much more do they resemble when invisible. Inasmuch, therefore, as there was no way of separating the black sheep from the black goats, the President discharged the entire battalion, visiting his punishment on the guilty and innocent alike.

Senator Foraker took the position that under the Constitution, as amended and adjusted to the wants of the negro by Mr. Roosevelt's party, these

colored troops were citizens of the United States, regularly enlisted into the service; and while each and every one was subject to discharge for cause, it was not the privilege of the President to penalize the whole body because some of them had committed an offense. With the consistency and logic of that declaration we must confess it is difficult to find fault. The trouble, however, is far back of the discharge of this battalion. No negro should ever be discharged from the army, for the very good reason that he should never be permitted to enter it. But when constitutional privileges are given him in consideration of his vote it is hardly proper for the beneficiary of that vote to disregard his own obligation. No Caucasian regrets the loss of the negro soldiers in question; but they should be lost in battle or in some other constitutional manner, and the door of their admission to the army forever closed by the unamending of the over-amended Constitution. It was never intended that the blood of the white and black races should commingle either on or off the field of battle, nor can we ever have a perfectly disciplined army, with cohesive force and the highest *esprit de corps*, composed of two races so widely differing. Battleships are painted black when they go out to meet the enemy on the high seas in order to make it more difficult to train upon them the opposing guns. Possibly the negro may be a less satisfactory target on the field, but it should not be forgotten he is utterly unable to surprise the enemy by a leeward approach.

It has, indeed, been intimated there was a reason for the action of Mr. Roosevelt which is not apparent on the face of the record. He and his political protege had agreed that the time was at hand to invade the South and destroy its solidity. They knew that while the true Southerner is the best friend the negro has ever had, at the same time he insists, as he ever will, upon white supremacy. The President also knew that he had previously lost some standing with the white people in the South when on a certain occasion he had manifested a well-developed case of color-blindness when selecting a dinner guest. The South had no objection to Mr. Roosevelt's eating with Booker Washington, or sleeping with him, if he so desired, but they were unwilling that their social blending should be construed as establishing a precedent, and so expressed themselves without apology or equivocation. Here seemed to be a splendid opportunity to deliver himself from the bad odor in which he had become involved by his injudicious selection of a table-mate. Surely the sacrifice of so large a number of colored troops would atone for his one infraction of an unwritten social law! But Foraker was unwilling that a battalion should be made the price of a dinner for Booker Washington.

The outcome of it all was that the President determined to sink the craft of the rebellious Senator and remove him forever from the political

seas. The opportunity to accomplish this purpose was not long coming. Some stolen correspondence was given wide publicity through the columns of certain newspapers published by one William Randolph Hearst. These letters disclosed the fact that the Standard Oil Company, which at that time was in bad repute, had thought so well of the legal ability of Senator Foraker that it actually employed him to render an opinion concerning some vexed problem, for which service he compensated himself by accepting a large nugget of that wicked company's filthy lucre. Shame on him! Is it to be wondered at that Mr. Taft refused to appear on the same platform with him during the campaign? Who would associate with him while his pockets were weighted with that unholy coin? Thus Foraker's Presidential boom was pushed over the well-greased toboggan of Standard Oil and quickly descended into that high-walled bourn from which no political ambition returns.

There were yet others who clamored for recognition in the Presidential contest, but all to no purpose. Knox, the dapper little Pennsylvanian; Root, the accomplished guardian of trusts and monopolies; Hughes, the bearded puritan and blue law advocate, and LaFollette, the loquacious and plausible professional reformer from the West, were all groomed for the race and permitted to take part in the preliminary parade, then all alike

were disqualified by the one man who had taken it on himself to act as handicapper, starter and judge, with no assistance and no right of appeal, viz., Theodore Roosevelt.

CHAPTER XXV

THE TAFT-BRYAN CAMPAIGN

We have already seen how Mr. Taft was really nominated for the Presidency many moons in advance of the assembling of the convention which was supposed to be charged with the duty of selecting a ticket. That body was called together in the usual manner, just as if it were intended to deliberate and reach its own conclusions, but was very distinctly given to understand that the only purpose for which it was created was to ratify the choice of a candidate already made, and to give formal assent to a platform constructed for campaign purposes.

As is always the case, a few of the States were permitted to send delegations made up of the personal friends of certain favorite sons, to whom a perfunctory sort of local support had in decency to be given; but in the main the gathering was composed of postmasters, internal revenue collectors and other Federal officeholders, to whom were added a few well-to-do sympathizers, whose coin it was thought might later be used to good advantage.

Mr. Roosevelt was violently opposed to any

exhibition of partisanship by those who were in the service of the Federal Government, and had repeatedly announced his purpose to dismiss any who might be found making any such unseemly display. That there might be no mistake about his attitude he went further and defined the crime of "offensive partisanship" as consisting in giving direct or indirect aid or comfort to any candidate for office who had not procured a permit from the President to solicit public favor. On the other hand, their patriotic devotion to the country's welfare was measured by the fervency with which they gave support to the men of his choice. It is not difficult therefore to understand why from early spring until the close of the polls in November the duties of most Federal officers were performed by deputies and clerks, while their chiefs were engaged in saving the country in the manner prescribed by the highest authority.

This ratification meeting, alias Republican National Convention, was held in Chicago in the month of June, where, after the usual exchange of preliminary greetings and insincere felicitations, the programme which had been carefully prepared at the White House was carried out with minute exactness. This provided first of all for the opening speech of the temporary chairman, whose duty it was to extend congratulations, briefly recite the glorious history of the party and prophesy even better things in the future; then at a given signal he was to pause for a few seconds, assume a Doctor Munyon pose, and with an air of supreme tri-

umph reverently utter the name of Theodore Roosevelt. This, of course, was to be immediately followed by prearranged spontaneous cheering lasting an hour and seventy-six minutes.

Next came the appointment of the regular committees and another burst of applause, which it was planned should begin this time in another part of the hall. The permanent chairman was then conducted to the platform and given the opportunity to deliver his carefully edited eulogy on the occupant of the White House, which was punctuated at regular intervals by paroxysms of vocal admiration for His Imperial Majesty, concluding with one prolonged volcanic eruption of surcharged praise and superheated admiration for the matchless name and wondrous works of the strenuous cosmopolite, for whose glory and exaltation the body of free and untrammeled citizens had been called together.

Meanwhile the long-distance phone between Chicago and the Capital City was doing constant service, transmitting orders from one end of the line and reporting results from the other. And yet there are some who still profess to believe that the government of the United States is a government of the people, not realizing apparently that for many long years it has been neither of, by, nor for them.

It need scarcely be stated that the convention was permitted to proclaim the ticket as the fruit of its own effort, in order to commit the delegates and the people they were supposed to represent

to its support. And why should they not look upon it as their own creation? William Howard Taft was the choice of the delegates, for a certain deeply interested and exceedingly active individual had taken pains to see that very few who had any other choice were permitted to have part in the proceedings.

The adoption of a platform was an easy task, for that, too, had been carefully prepared in advance. In the main it was but another reaffirmation of the same declarations which have been invariably approved by every Republican convention which has been held since the Civil War. Of course there were a few clauses added bringing it down to date, by taking credit to the party for all the good that had come to the American people since the last prior claim had been made, and likewise charging the Democrats with such ills as had befallen the land within the same period. There was also a special paragraph superlatively laudatory of the particular individual to whose wisdom, courage and tireless endeavor all these benefactions were ascribed. It need not be mentioned at whose direction that clause was inserted.

It cannot be denied that the Republican party has always excelled in platform building. It not only omits nothing which might in any way be helpful to the party, but makes its avowals in the most telling style. They read well, and yet their pledges are so phrased as to be susceptible of any construction that may afterward appear to be necessary, and at the same time utterly incapable of

enforcement in an action for specific performance, on account of their indefiniteness. Mark the majestic stride of the preamble to that 1908 platform. It reads like the solemn beginning of a stately creed or fervent prayer. "Once more the Republican party, in National Convention assembled, submits its cause to the people. This great historic organization that destroyed slavery, preserved the Union, restored credit, expanded the national domain, established a sound financial system, developed the industries and resources of the country and gave the nation her seat of honor in the councils of the world, now meets the new problems of government with the same courage and capacity with which it solved the old."

Would it be possible to lay claim to more in a single sentence, broken only by commas? We doubt if the man who framed that clause could read it and keep his face straight while in the act.

One cannot fail to admire the adroitness with which the platform briefly touches and dismisses a very delicate subject. It will be remembered that in the early fall of 1907 the country was visited by a very decided business depression, which under a Democratic administration would have been accurately designated as a financial panic. It had not concluded its engagement when the Chicago convention was held. There seemed to be no disposition to mention at whose invitation this unwelcome guest had put in an appearance, nor who was keeping house while it remained; yet something had to be said to avoid the appearance of dodging. So

with the customary air of perfect innocence and boundless confidence it was simply written: "We hail with confidence the signs now manifest of a complete restoration of business prosperity."

And the reader was left to infer that the people who were doing the hailing had, at their own great peril, reclaimed a straying prosperity which had been wantonly abducted.

That panic was in many respects a novel one; so different indeed, from the ordinary type, that the reader may be interested in giving it more attention than was accorded by the men who drafted the platform.

From the beginning of the reign of Theodore I until the coming of that untimely reaction of 1907, the people of the United States had enjoyed a wonderful degree of material prosperity. There was nothing surprising about their enjoying it, to be sure, for who does not when he has the chance? The noteworthy fact was that they actually had it to enjoy. At any rate the condition of unusual abundance continued for a number of years, and in the main was due directly to the wisdom of the administration in securing bounteous harvests, through the efficient work of the weather bureau. The distribution of sunshine and showers was made with such scientific accuracy as to provide every locality with a judicious supply of heat and moisture, whereby field and forest and stream were made to yield their products in astounding measure, a result which had never before been achieved. There was more corn gathered from an

acre of ground, more fruit from a tree, more fish from a net and more fleece from a confiding lamb than had ever been dreamed of in days gone by.

In the very midst of all the reckless abandon that comes to a people with plenty and to spare, a sudden and most startling change took place. Hard times walked right in, without knocking at the door or waiting to be announced, and settled down as if to pay a protracted visit. The coming was so unexpected that other guests had no opportunity to avoid a meeting. As a result plenty and want, who had never been on good terms, were for the time quartered under the same roof and compelled to share the same bed. Mr. Roosevelt had already performed many wonderful feats, but it remained for him to do what had never before been accomplished, hitch Prosperity and Panic in double harness and drive them together.

It was indeed a most unusual spectacle. There had never been a time when the country was better supplied, or had less access to the supply. Of money there was the greatest plenty, but no one could get it. The banks maintained a strict quarantine at every exit, leaving open only the ports of entry. The receiving window kept right on doing business, but the paying teller was told to take a vacation. So great indeed became the depositor's eagerness to look his own dollar in the face and hold it once again in his affectionate palm, that the doors of many banks were closed early to avoid the rush.

Every other good thing was just like money,

plentiful but hard to get. There was no shortage of bread or meat, but the cupboard was locked. Cows were giving as much milk and hens giving as many eggs as ever before, yet the Hungry Club had the longest waiting list in its history, and the bread line had to be double-tracked to take care of the empties.

While in many respects most painful, the situation was not without its redeeming features. Suspended payment was to some the occasion of no little inconvenience and hardship, it is true, but to a great number it proved a blessing. The merest pittance tied up in a bank whose doors are closed will go much further with one's creditors than a very large amount in the pocket. A real dollar in actual possession can be handed out but once in paying debts, but when kept in close confinement by a bank failure the story of its unfair imprisonment may be handed out many times as an excuse for not paying them. A credit balance of two dollars and ninety-eight cents with the Knickerbocker Trust Company, while that institution was in dry-dock, was for all practical purposes as good as an unlimited letter of credit. "I kept my account with the Knickerbocker, and every cent I have in the world is tied up," was the familiar story that greeted the bill-collector and that laid the foundation for negotiating many a loan. A large per cent. of the people were never so well off as when they were thus deprived of the use of their money. Their real trouble began when the banks resumed payment and robbed them of their excuses.

Needless to say, this state of suspended commercial animation was particularly embarrassing to the pending administration, which was so soon thereafter obliged to "submit its cause to the people." The panic had struck the country only twelve months in advance of a general election—a short period within which to explain it or forget it. It was extremely important, therefore, to fix the blame where it would do the least harm to Mr. Roosevelt or his man Friday.

The Wall Street gang, whose plans for pillage had frequently been interrupted by the vagaries of the impulsive President, charged the whole trouble to the White House. "What could one expect but disaster," they inquired, "when all the functions of the government are perverted and used in a wild crusade against the important business interests of the country?" But the stalwart Chief hurled back the charge and assailed his accusers with his accustomed vigor, declaring that the unscrupulous money-changers whom he had been calling to account had deliberately planned to ditch the prosperity train for the sole purpose of discounting the administration and breaking the strangle hold it had on public confidence. And thus responsibility was shifted from one to another, without fixing its resting place.

To a certain extent each accuser was right. Roosevelt had gone gunning for "malefactors of great wealth," and, not being perfectly sure as to their identity, he had taken aim at everything in sight. Rather than let the thief, who had sought

refuge in the crowd, escape, he trained his guns on the multitude and crippled every one in range. That it is better to destroy ninety and nine innocent corporations rather than permit a single guilty one escape, was his theory and practice. It is not strange, then, that men ceased their activities until they could have some assurance that business success would not be taken as conclusive proof of criminal methods. There was indeed little encouragement for any one to engage in an enterprise which gave promise of good results, unless he happened to be included in the list of favorites against whom it was understood no law would be invoked; for the same treatment was not accorded to all. There, for instance, was President Ripley, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, who was denounced and given a card of admission into the Ananias Club because he disclaimed any personal knowledge of the rebating which it was alleged his road had been practicing; but Paul Morton, another officer of the same company, who must have known what was going on, if he gave any attention to the duties of the position he filled, was given an immunity bath, presented with a triple-plated halo and invited to take a seat in the Cabinet. Moral: It pays to stand in.

And there was also some truth in the statement that Wall Street was quite ready to join in any attempt to curtail the power of the President. The money-lenders could and doubtless did help to bring on the panic, because they could in that manner cripple the administration and at the same time

materially profit by advancing the rate of interest.

Others there were who ascribed the loss of confidence to the fear the public had that if Mr. Bryan kept on running he might some day be elected. We are not inclined, however, to give much weight to this theory, for the people had already become so accustomed to his quadrennial candidacy that his attempts to land the Presidency had long since ceased to be an occasion for alarm. Give it time, and the world will get used to anything, even to Bryan.

The press undertook to cure the disordered body politic by a resort to faith cure. When the election drew near a majority of the newspapers denied that there was, or ever had been, any panic; no one could therefore be blamed for creating what never existed. That settled it.

While it is unimportant, it may be here stated that Mr. Taft was not the only candidate in the field, though the returns from some localities would indicate that the people were laboring under that impression. After the second defeat of Mr. Bryan, it was thought he had made his last race for the Presidency, but in that he was misjudged. In the year 1906 he left the United States and remained abroad for twelve months or more, during which time he waxed in public favor and regained many of his estranged followers. If he had deferred his return until after the election, he might have won; but unfortunately he came back in the year 1907 and spent the next few months making speeches and mistakes. It is hard, indeed, to make one

without the other. Upon his arrival from abroad a most remarkable reception was accorded him at Madison Square Garden in New York City. There was a great outpouring of the Democratic hosts, who were eager to ascertain whether he had gained any more wisdom by his sojourn among the sages of the Orient than he had absorbed while living among the sage on the plains of Nebraska. The great amphitheater could not hold the people who walked in before he began to speak, nor could anything hold the disappointed ones who walked out before he was through. He talked well, as he always does, but laid a heavy and wholly unnecessary burden on his friends, who were thereafter called upon to explain his doctrine of public ownership. As a matter of fact all politicians believe in that doctrine when construed to mean that they shall own the public.

When however the time came round to put a Democratic ticket in the field, in spite of all the opposition he had diligently cultivated, Mr. Bryan was the only piece of timber in sight, and there was nothing to do but to try him again. Democracy was badly rent by internal quarrels and infernal leaders; so much so that there seemed to be little hope of winning the fight. If then some one had to be defeated, why not the one man in the party who was thoroughly accustomed to it? Therefore for the third time in little more than half a generation the great uncommoner was pressed into service, he doing most of the pressing.

The Republican party was pleased at the nomination.

The campaign had not progressed far when it became apparent there was but one real issue: the endorsement or repudiation of Theodore Roosevelt. And it was soon made just as plain that no candidate could at that time take the risk of repudiation. The President had somehow managed to circulate the belief that he was about the only living man upon whose friendship the poor and toiling masses could safely depend, and both candidates were wise enough to know that the voters who work for a living, and seldom get it, greatly outnumber those who always have it without a struggle: it was therefore a question which of them could give the best imitation of the man of the hour. Taft lost no opportunity to proclaim his faith in the President and his purpose to follow his teachings. Bryan went even further, and declared that in fact Roosevelt had been following him for a number of years; that the popular remedies used by the latter were just what he, Bryan, had prescribed long before the acting doctor had begun to practice. Nor was that claim wholly unfounded.

By far the greater number of those who supported Mr. Taft did so because they believed he meant just what he said when he promised to carry out the policies of the President. Another class insisted he would continue the policies of the administration, but not the methods; in other words, he would do the same thing, but do it differently,

if any one knows what that means. There was still a different element, who, mistaking a hope for a belief, expressed the opinion that the candidate was simply playing good politics, and had no intention of using anybody's second-hand policies, but would surely make his own when the proper time arrived. It was a hard matter, of course, to beat a man to whom a part of the voters were willing to give their support because they had confidence in him, while many others would vote for him because they did not believe a word he said, neither requiring him to tell them in advance which was guessing right.

There was a good deal of talk during the campaign about the sources from which financial assistance was being received to carry on the contest. The candidate and National Committee of the Democratic party boldly challenged the Republicans to a show-down. They could afford to do it, for they were getting no contributions big enough to create suspicion. The chance of winning did not justify placing any money. Of course there was an occasional gift of fifty cents or a dollar, which was made just as a man will once in a while put up the price of a round of drinks on a fifty-to-one shot for a gamble. But for some reason which was not made apparent the Republican party was unwilling to publish a list of the individuals who were subscribing for stock in their company. They promised they would do so when the election was over, and no one could any longer have interest in knowing the truth. They could not be blamed for tak-

ing that position, for when there is any doubt about one's innocence it is much safer to hear the evidence after the verdict has been rendered.

As might have been expected, Brother Charley made the most liberal donation to the expense account of Candidate Taft. And why should he not have done so? It is worth a good round sum to have a member of the family in the White House. To be pointed out as the brother of the President is no mean distinction and adds greatly to one's popularity. Besides, it is never a bad investment to advance financial assistance to a winner. There are many little ways to get it back. No better method indeed can be devised to test the patriotism of a people than to pass the campaign collection plate in the interest of a party whose all-absorbing purpose is to save the country at any cost. In this particular instance many unselfish souls came to the assistance of Mr. Taft, though they could ill afford it. Men like Carnegie and Morgan, and certain charitable institutions like the sugar and steel trusts, gave freely out of the meager savings they had managed to accumulate by tireless energy and rigid self-denial; but they had faith that even a few crumbs cast upon the waters would swell up and become great loaves after many days. John D. Rockefeller, whose whole life had been lived in strict conformity to his favorite text of Scripture, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand," and who had always played his hand to the limit, was also moved by a benevolent impulse to proffer a few pennies to

the righteous cause; but his offer was spurned and he excluded from the feast, though his lamp was filled with oil, because it was feared his presence might prevent the attendance of others to whom the odor of gasoline was offensive.

Each of the two great parties was handicapped in the race by the endorsement of certain conspicuous individuals whose opposition would have been far more helpful than their open friendship. On the Democratic side were Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont, whose contributions could not buy back half the votes they estranged from the party. Then there were others, like Arkansas Jeff Davis and Mississippi Vardeman, who gave no money, but insisted upon speaking for the ticket, when they might have rendered much more efficient service by speaking against it. This however was fairly well offset by the blundering efforts of Nick Longworth, who took the stump for Mr. Taft. This young man, whose head was meagerly thatched and modestly furnished, had gained considerable distinction by becoming the son-in-law of the government; on account of which he was put down as a head-liner and starred at some of the principal performances. It was not long, however, until his woeful lack of discretion in handling the political secrets of the family made it appear wise to give him an unimportant place in the chorus.

As is the case in every Presidential election, there were other tickets in the field besides those representing the Republican and Democratic or-

ganizations. Failing to procure office for himself as a Democrat, and realizing, as every newspaper man does, the value of advertising, William Randolph Hearst had his own political notions patented and turned the rights over to a holding company, which he incorporated under the name of The Independence League. Such an organization in baseball circles would be known as an outlaw league. Its independence consisted in its refusal to be dominated by any political boss except Hearst himself. There was never a question about his exclusive right to authority in the party, for he was the owner of the patents, and was paying the operating expenses out of his own pocket.

The Independence League nominated a very worthy man for the Presidency, whose name we shall not mention for two excellent reasons: first, because he is trying like a man to live it down, and again because we have forgotten the name. The candidate for the Vice-Presidency on that ticket was a versatile journalist and orator in the employ of Mr. Hearst, who was paid by the year to write, speak, or run for office, or do anything else he might be called upon to do within the term of his employment. John Temple Graves was not, therefore, to blame for making an effort to earn his salary, even if he did have to say and do many foolish things in the attempt.

The campaign of 1908 was a most unusual one in many respects: particularly so as to the manner in which it was conducted in behalf of the Republican ticket. The party had its regular National

Committee and its chairman, who were supposed to be in charge, but the real management was taken in hand by the President. He had named the candidate and did not propose to take any chance as to his election. The White House therefore speedily became headquarters. Mr. Roosevelt did not actually take the stump, though at times it was threatened, but he sent the members of his Cabinet from State to State, speaking as they were prompted from Washington, meanwhile keeping himself busy issuing circular letters and bulletins, which were remarkable more for their vehemence than their wisdom. No one made any great fuss about it, but some did intimate that it was hardly fair to have men who were paid by the whole people spending their time in the interest of only a part.

November at length came around, as it is in the habit of doing once in a while, and the ballots were cast. It was scarcely necessary to count them, for the result was pretty well known even before it resulted. Mr. Bryan was again relieved of personal responsibility for the country's success or failure, and had the satisfaction of having it recorded that, although thrice a candidate for the Presidency, he had never done worse than run second.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION

Those who attended the inauguration of William Howard Taft, on the 4th day of March, 1909, will never forget the occasion: they will indeed be fortunate if they get over it. Not one of the great multitude that was gathered there will ever again have faith in the official weather forecaster, who most solemnly promised a fair day for the coronation. Washington City may have had a worse day away back somewhere in its early history, but if it had the secret has been well kept.

It had been planned that the inauguration of President Taft should be made to eclipse everything of the kind that had ever transpired in all history. More people had arranged to be present, and greater preparations had been made to take care of them. But on the evening of March 3d it began to rain, and kept on raining till it got tired; then it snowed for a while, then rained again, harder than before. Finally it tried its hand at doing both at the same time, and mixed in an occasional layer of sleet.

Next morning the streets were filled with a slushy mixture, too thin for pedestrians and too

thick for boats. Belated trains continued to arrive, adding to the population of the already overcrowded city. The houses were all full, the sidewalks full, the streets themselves were full, and many of the people fast getting in the same condition. Telegraph and telephone wires were all down, and prices all up. Many who started from their homes failed to get there at all; they were lucky at that, for it ceased to be a question of getting to Washington, but rather one of getting away from there; and in the meantime it was also a question of getting something to eat. Trains all stopped running; indeed the clock, the board bill, the melting snow and the colors in the bedrabbled bunting were about the only things that made any attempt to run. Late in the day the sun and the afternoon papers came out, but it was too late to make the occasion a success.

The parade began early and kept up till the following morning. It had to, for the people could find no place to sit down, and it was too cold to stand still. There was nothing left for them to do but keep marching. Delegations were on hand from every State in the Union, and some besides. Men were in the line of march who had crossed the Continent just for the privilege of wading along Pennsylvania Avenue with a chance of catching a glimpse of the new President, and a better chance of catching la grippe. Women and children had made the pilgrimage from their distant happy homes that they might soak their Sunday shoes in the overflowing gutters and clap their hands when

the royal chariot passed by. The bands played, "Hail! The Conquering Hero Comes!" and the clouds, which had gathered overhead, hailed to beat the band. For once at least the sailors were more at home than the soldiers.

It was a big day in the old town, but a day full of disappointments and regrets. The crowd was disappointed because it had to face the storm and abstain from all the comforts of civilized life; the railroads were disappointed because their trains were held up, their expenses increased and their earnings diminished; the telegraph companies were disappointed because they could not use their lines to transmit the messages of the people who were eager to wire home for money, rubber boots and ham sandwiches; the hotels were disappointed and chagrined because they had agreed to furnish beds for less than was being offered for billiard tables and flat-top desks. Even Mr. Taft was disappointed because the snow was too deep to play golf. Taken altogether, it was the most unsatisfactory inaugural festival in the history of the government.

When night came on the situation was even worse. The occasion was no respecter of persons. Well-bred people were without bread of any kind, protectionists were without protection, and campaign liars had no place to lie. Those who remained out of doors were soaked, while the unfortunate ones who got inside the hotels were doubly soaked.

Still another man was sorely disappointed. He

had carefully packed his guns and spurs, and had everything in shape for a triumphant departure from the city. It had been arranged that the larger part of the crowd should break away from the main show and shift the storm center to the open space in front of the Union Station, where an unparalleled ovation was to be given the idol of the people, who had just passed his crown and scepter to his successor. But the game had to be called off on account of wet grounds, and the world was deprived of a sensational extemporaneous address, which had been prepared with unusual care. Then slowly but surely it began to dawn upon this over-advertised monarch that the world loses interest in even the greatest ruler when he steps down from the throne. Realizing that he was in a great measure shorn of his strength, he shortly thereafter took passage for the far-off coast of Africa, where he might exercise dominion over the wild beasts which had not yet heard of the expiration of his official term. Before sailing, however, he took good care to furnish the press with advance information concerning his daring exploits in the jungle. It was not his fault that some stupid papers published the stories of certain adventures before the dates on which they were billed to take place.

To steer the ship of state now became the duty of the newly installed President. After the selection of his Cabinet, and the engagement of his caddie, the first important official act which he performed was to call an extra session of Congress.

Note, please, the adjective here is meant to qualify the word *session* and not *Congress;* for, while it was an extra session, it was fully demonstrated there was nothing extra about the Congress which was assembled. The call was made in accordance with a pledge that had been given before the election to have a revision of the tariff laws with the least possible delay—a pledge which was not volunteered, but reluctantly made to satisfy the voters who were demanding it.

In one respect the life of a government is very much like that of an individual; the question which perplexes it most is how it may procure the funds necessary to meet its expenses. In the difference of opinion which never fails to exist concerning this problem most political parties have found the excuse for their birth and existence. Of course it is agreed that the money must come from the people; but to determine the method by which it may be least painfully extracted from their pockets, thereby minimizing the resistance and resentment of the victims, is what calls for the exercise of political sagacity, sometimes called "statesmanship."

The Democratic party for years insisted there was but one lawful excuse for levying a tax; viz., to get the money. Republicans, on the other hand, proclaimed the pleasing and plausible doctrine of protection to American industries, the theory being that a tax laid on imports would give the domestic manufacturer a chance to charge more for his products, thereby enabling him to increase his profits. That was giving him substantial encourage-

ment, to be sure, for there is no more effective antidote for business despondency than handsome dividends. Then they argued this benefit was shared by all the people, for the more a manufacturer makes, the more he can pay for his labor. Certainly he can pay more, but right there the argument sometimes fails; for what a man can do and what he actually does are not always the same. And even if the laborer does get more, he has no more in the end, for he is the individual who buys the product of the manufacturer for which a higher price is charged to enable the payment of better wages. It is therefore apparent that when the workingman gets a raise by that process he is made to pay it out of his own pocket; not always indeed getting an increase equal to the price he pays for it. High wages and high prices enable him to handle more money, but they do not give him a bigger loaf or a heavier ton of coal. The theory of putting up prices for the benefit of the workingman is on a par with the boast of the farmer that he had sold a common dog for a hundred dollars, then admitted the consideration was paid in two pups at fifty dollars apiece.

American industries were at first given this artificial support because they were infants and therefore unable to take care of themselves. Then when they grew up on this Federal Mellin's Food it was argued that, being so much larger, they required and could assimilate more nourishment; and it was given them. At length the industrial children of the nation became so big and strong

they could go right into the pantry and help themselves, and nobody dared put them out.

For many years the duties levied on imports were kept so high for protective reasons that the treasury receipts were considerably in excess of the government's requirements. This naturally resulted in the accumulation of a large surplus in the treasury and a withdrawal of a like amount of the people's money from the channels of trade. Everybody admitted the policy was a bad one, and for a long time the question of reducing the surplus was a fruitful theme of political discussion.

Democrats suggested the situation might best be remedied by reducing the tariff and leaving the money with the people; but the Republican party, being then in power, favored a very different system of relief. The way to get rid of a surplus, it contended, is to spend it; then proceeded forthwith to demonstrate the correctness of the theory. Strange it had not occurred to the people before to take this simple step! Every one ought to know that the man who pays out more money than he gets in will not long be bothered about a surplus, nor will he interfere with a full and free circulation of the legal tender. After the adoption of this admirable plan the word "surplus" dropped out of our political vocabulary and we learned to talk of "the deficit."

At length, however, the impression began to prevail, even among the rank and file of the Republican party, that the government's protection might be more generally and equitably distributed. When

that was found to be the opinion of the voters, the politicians were of course not long in reaching the same conclusion. In response therefore to a demand well nigh universal, in the campaign of 1908 both parties promised a revision of the tariff, and the candidates of both had a good deal to say about how it should be done. The Democrats declared that, inasmuch as they had always been opposed to a tariff for protection, it was only right that the work of revision should be entrusted to them; while the Republicans replied that, if protection was ailing, and could be cured only by an operation, it should certainly be treated in a sympathetic hospital—in other words the tariff should be revised by "its friends," as they were pleased to express it. As usual the plausible argument of the latter prevailed, and the contract was awarded accordingly.

"You cannot fool all the people all the time," said Mr. Lincoln. But what difference does it make? There is no occasion even to desire it. All that any party ever needs to do is to fool a majority of the voters whenever an election is held.

At any rate it was understood the tariff should be repaired by the men who had made it; and to that end the call of the President was issued, and the affectionate admirers of the system came together.

All revenue measures, it is well known, must originate in the Lower House of Congress. It is in that body, therefore, that they start; but we very often see their finish at the other end of the Capitol. So it happened in this instance. When Uncle

Joe Cannon got his team together for preliminary practice it was found he did not have a united party back of him to adopt and enforce the iron-clad rules under which he had for years been running things to suit himself; but he was enabled to win out by the timely assistance of a few Democrats, who seemed to know they were not even big enough to hold their positions for any length of time and were therefore willing to make any sort of a deal that would give them temporary advantage. There, for instance, was poor little Fitzgerald, from Brooklyn, who turned his back on his party and his constituents for the privilege of having the Speaker slap him familiarly on the shoulder and hand him an occasional Pittsburg stogy. Besides, he got his picture in the papers, which afforded him more genuine satisfaction than he could have gotten out of the approval of the people who sent him there.

The Committee on Ways and Means—ways that are dark and means that are questionable—with Sereno Payne as its chairman, promptly got to work, and refusing to hear anything or anybody not in accord with its own views, was not long reporting a new tariff measure. This was promptly adopted by the overwhelming Republican majority, and sent for the concurrence of the Senate; but that is another story.

The Senate, as then constituted, was a remarkable collection of lawsmiths. The first name on the roll call was also first in importance, Nelson W. Aldrich, the father-in-law of Standard Oil, Jr. He

hailed from the little State of Rhode Island, but that did not prevent his exercising undisputed authority over all the other States and Territories. He had always been a consistent advocate as well as beneficiary of a protective tariff. Nothing could be more fitting therefore than that he should be put in charge of this revision of the tariff, which was to be made by its friends, for he and the tariff had chummed it together for many a day. Nor was he wanting in many of the essential qualities of leadership. A man of great ability and alertness, he could, like Gladstone, smile encouragingly upon his supporters, or, like Bismarck, wither with a frown those who dared oppose him. He was courageous when sure of his ground, but speedily ran to cover when the odds appeared to be against him. There was little occasion for fear in this particular fight, for a good working majority of the Senate had been delivered to him bodily by the interests which had sent them there; and he knew they all had their peremptory orders to follow him at any cost, without having or asking for a reason. Of course every move he was to make had already been agreed upon before this supreme power was bestowed.

The Democratic members of the finance committee were told they must not attend its meetings, for their presence might embarrass a free discussion of the measure by the men in whose interest it was being framed, and it was only a waste of time for them to make any objections. The Republican members of the committee were also

given to understand that they would be permitted to think only as Aldrich thought, thus avoiding confusion. Of course the protected interests were invited to come before the committee and assist the chairman to make up the committee's mind, but the unprotected people were asked to stay at home and save their car fare. Thus Senator Aldrich drafted the tariff bill of 1909.

However, when the Aldrich report, which, as a matter of habit was called the Report of the Finance Committee, was brought in for consideration by the Senate it was more difficult to suppress the expression of adverse opinion. The Commander of the forces never at any time had reason to fear the outcome of a vote on any proposition he might offer, but it was annoying to have his fallacies and deceptions exposed to the public. A limited number of Democrats were still occupying seats in the Senate and exercising the right to speak and vote with the minority. In addition to this, eight or ten Republicans refused to heed their master's voice, or to wear his muzzle, on account of which rebellious attitude they were called Insurgents. And a busy lot they were, too; nothing ever came up that one or more did not take the floor and proceed to insurge, much to the discomfiture of the regulars.

The work of the session had not advanced far when it was discovered that, while Senator Aldrich meant to revise the tariff, he at the same time had no thought of reducing it. Then, when reminded of the promises the party had made before the

election he simply inquired, "Who ever said the duties were to be lowered?" That was promptly met by certain of the insurgents, who brought in the phonograph and gave a few canned specimens from the campaign speeches of the President, saying that he and his party stood for a revision *downward.* But Aldrich knit his brow and said, "Who is this man Taft, that he should undertake to tell us what we had in mind when we promised tariff revision? Isn't a rising temperature just as much a change of the weather as a shifting of the mercury toward the zero point? Does a fluctuation in the market always mean a bear movement? Suppose the people did all understand we were pledging ourselves to a reduction of the tariff, what right had they to reach any conclusion without first coming to me? Besides, the people don't know what they want, and have no business to form an opinion, much less the right to express it."

Five long weeks were then consumed discussing whether the President had said what he had said, and whether he meant what he said he meant. Strange it did not accur to some one to ask him about it. Five cents would have called him on the 'phone, or ten cents would have sent a messenger to the White House with a note requesting the President to interpret his own words. Strange, too, that while the papers were every day filled with this senatorial discussion, and the whole country waiting anxiously for something to be done, it never once occurred to Mr. Taft that he might in five minutes clear up all confusion as to

his personal pledge to the people that there should be a downward revision. Does any one believe for a moment that the Senate could have spent as much as two days discussing what Theodore Roosevelt meant by any statement of his while he was on the job, without hearing from that gentleman? Of course we know that, if he had changed his mind or popular sentiment had materially shifted, he would simply have declared that the reporters were all liars, but he would at least have announced how he wanted to be understood at that particular moment.

To sit in the Senate gallery and witness the proceedings of that body was intensely amusing to any one who could forget that he was an American citizen, and therefore interested in the result of the pretended deliberations. The Rhode Island Senator was always surrounded by a well-drilled and obedient corps of subordinates, who understood his signals as thoroughly as the members of a baseball team know every nod and gesture of their manager. Conspicuous among the chairman's helpers was Reid Smoot, of Utah, who acted as his caddie while the game was on, and took care of his clubs between contests. It was a part of his work to hunt up, or make up, a lot of statistics to support every Aldrich proposition. At the opening of each session he would solemnly stroll into the Senate chamber with his arms full of books and papers, which he arranged on his desk with ominous deliberation. But they were seldom called into service; their object was not so much to illumi-

nate as it was to intimidate. Whenever a statement of his chief was attacked, it was Smoot's business to get up and read a lot of confusing figures, which he alleged furnished conclusive proof of the correctness of Aldrich's contention. This would very often end the controversy, for the average Senator would rather yield a point than take the trouble to revise Smoot's arithmetic on a hot June day. At other times, when a Democrat or an insurgent had the floor and appeared to be making a good impression, in opposition to the plans of the committee, Smoot had his orders to interrupt him by asking some irrelevant question. In the colloquy which followed, Utah usually got the worst of it; still he accomplished his purpose, which was simply to break up the continuity of a forceful argument. He was a very ordinary debater, seldom remaining in the argument long enough to have the last word; indeed no Mormon ever expects to have it; he does well to have any. But Smoot was nevertheless a valuable aid to Aldrich. There were bigger men in the Senate, but they were too big to be cajoled into any such humiliating subserviency; there were smaller men, but they were too small for any use.

Not far from the King sat Stephen B. Elkins, the Duke of West Virginia; round, ruddy and rapacious; always sleek and well groomed, in spite of his limited means, and always wearing a genial smile, in spite of what it was costing him to hold his seat in the Senate. Elkins seldom undertook to make a speech; in that he was wise, for it was

not his natural gait. He very often, however, asked leave to print some very readable statements, procured on the open market, which enabled him to keep in touch with his constituents by sending out at the expense of the government a circular letter in the form of a public document. Pending the tariff discussion he spent a small portion of his time in his seat, but remained in easy call that he might be on hand whenever coal or lumber happened to be mentioned. He took an interest in these particular things because he had some of his principal in them. The poor man had at one time purchased two or three hundred thousand acres of coal lands at about seventy-five cents a square mile, for which he would not be able to get more than six or seven hundred dollars per acre, should the tariff on coal be removed. Then, he owned several counties of timber lands, which he had bought at a tax sale, just to help the State, on which his profits would not amount to more than twelve or fourteen millions, should the tariff on lumber be reduced, as it was proposed. No wonder the poor man's rest was broken and his appetite below par! He was not in thorough harmony with all the plans of Senator Aldrich, but was perfectly willing to vote with him on everything else, if he could only save the duty on coal and lumber. His colleague, Senator Scott, came from Wheeling; he was therefore more concerned about nails, and was always nervous when anybody stepped on glass. Scott had also managed to save a few millions out of his salary.

It is noticeable that all the Senators who had money were lined up on the side of protection. Doubtless there was a reason for it. Among them, for instance, was DuPont, of Delaware, who shared the protected profits of the powder trust. He could always be depended on to vote with the committee, provided some one sat near him to wake him up and tell him what Aldrich expected when the roll was called. He moved about the Capitol with an air of uneasiness, as if he were in constant dread of some one dropping a lighted match and blowing the place to atoms. True, Delaware is a small State, but that was no excuse for sending a man of like dimensions to represent her in the Senate.

A sturdy follower of the regulars was Penrose, of Pennsylvania. No man could think of the immense population of that broad State, then look at Penrose without wondering how he got there. In spite of his stall-fed appearance, he wore habitually an expression of scornful disapproval, which seemed to indicate he was by no means pleased with the world or the inhabitants thereof. He made no effort to be companionable, yet ordinary men from the humbler walks of life were always glad to meet him, for when they knew him it was no longer a source of constant regret that they, too, could not be Senators.

Close to the throne sat William Alden Smith, a product of the pine lands of Michigan, and no ordinary Smith was he. This distinguished gentleman was one of the best time-killers on Senator Al-

drich's staff, always keeping on hand a supply of Fourth-of-July orations of a general character, equally impertinent to all senatorial discussions, and ready for use at a moment's notice. His favorite among these, and the one to which he most frequently resorted, was a carefully phrased description of the Dikes of Holland, which it pleased him so much to employ as an illustration of the saving beneficence of a protective tariff. It was his custom to deliver this speech to the gallery, that indeed being his only audience, for when he began there was a senatorial emigration to the cloak rooms. The visitors as a rule remained until he had concluded, and really enjoyed the effort, for few of them had ever heard it before, and there was one man who was always delighted with anything Smith might say or do, and that was Smith himself.

Across the chamber, far removed from the Rhode Island Chief, sat Elihu Root, among the Democrats, but not of them. Some of the surplus Republican members were obliged to place themselves on the Democratic side in order to prevent a listing of the Capitol building, it being unsafe to store all the cargo on one side. Root was one of the delegates sent over, because he could be trusted to take care of himself, without remaining within prompting distance of the ring master, as so many of them were obliged to do. Furthermore, he was inclined to go because he had no desire to be prompted. While classed as a regular and usually voting with them, Root refused to wear the Aldrich

collar, and there was always a feeling of apprehension that he might pick up a different trail from the one the pack was following. His entering the Senate attracted more than ordinary attention, not only on account of his being more than an ordinary man, but for the reason also that the State of New York had for a number of years taken no serious part in the proceedings of that body. So far as accomplishing anything was concerned, she might as well have been represented by Weber and Field or Cole and Johnson as by the antiquated serio-comic team to whom she had issued credentials—Platt and Depew. Root found it the easiest job of his life to outshine Platt, but Depew still remained at his post, making it easier every day for his successor to appear to advantage. What a pity it is that some men never know when to quit! There is a pathetic triumph about the ending of a useful public career, while agony alone can come from prolonging a useless one.

Gallinger, of New Hampshire, was one of the reliable members of the guard. His own party would have thought better of him if he had not dressed his hair so much like Bacon, a Georgia Democrat. Gazing down from the gallery, their burnished heads, when in repose, looked like two cornfield pumpkins, and some insisted that the resemblance did not wholly disappear when they began talking. Neither Gallinger nor Bacon was to blame for looking like the other, for they both regretted it.

Carter, from Montana, the friend of the meek

and lowly sheep, whose interest in the wool-grower was apparent from the well-combed fleece which hung from his chin, was an ardent defender of the protective faith. He spoke often, and not unpleasingly, for his voice had the resonant intonation of the trained shepherd calling to his flock across the wide stretch of the western prairie; nor did he, in spite of his early pastoral environments, go wool-gathering quite so often as some members of the body who had never seen a lamb, except on Wall Street.

In addition to these, and a few others who had some individual marks of distinction, there was constantly on hand a number whose only apparent excuse for being in Washington was that they might help to constitute a quorum, and hold themselves in readiness to cast their ballots as directed by the Senator from Rhode Island. That purpose they could very well serve, for the result is effected just as much by the vote of a man who casts it mechanically as of one who uses it to express an intelligent choice.

There was, however, in the Senate a very forceful minority that had to be reckoned with; a minority which, while it could not change the course of pending legislation, was sufficiently strong and aggressive to harass the well-disciplined regulars. Iowa furnished a pair of sharp-shooters, who picked off many a straggler and kept the forces under Aldrich close to the fortifications. The tactics of Dolliver and Cummins did not shorten the session, but did shorten the days of the men

who had the bill in charge, and at the same time made these two insurgents as unwelcome there as an honest man in Tammany Hall.

And there sat LaFollette, as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a den of them, quick to catch the drift of public opinion, and just as quick to get in it and call it a current of his own making. So good a speaker was he that he could hide his fallacies in the mazes of his own volubility; and so good an actor, that he could dilute the suspicion of hypocrisy by the profusion of his own tears. At times the concern he manifested for the down-trodden people was so impressive that many who beheld him were almost persuaded to join him in his consuming desire that he might some day become the President of the United States. Aldrich put a bounty on LaFollette's scalp, but no one seemed anxious to go after the prize. Time and again it was rumored in the corridors and whispered in the galleries that he would be pilloried next day, but that to-morrow never came. Penrose tried it once—only once, and retired from the contest a sadder, if not a wiser man. This Wisconsin David was not to be slain by a Pennsylvania giant whose own armor was full of holes through which the most unskilled warrior could shy a stone.

Another source of annoyance, not only to Aldrich, but also to everybody else who happened to be present, was the boy orator from Indiana, Beveridge. He could stand on the floor and listen to himself talk all day without showing half as

much fatigue as other members who were seated in cushioned chairs. It was admitted on every hand that he could talk—just talk, that's all. Beveridge was young, it is true, but old enough to know better. His self-confidence was so well developed that he never cared to have his position shared by any one else, preferring always to stand alone, in which attitude he would be more conspicuous. Occasionally he raised an objection with merit, but if some other Senator joined in pressing it, Beveridge would at once forsake the stand he had taken and seek neutral ground. The only reason he ever voted with either side was because he could not vote against both.

While it would not be gathered from an examination of the tariff measure framed by the Senate of 1909, it must not be forgotten that a few Democrats were bunched in one corner of the chamber. Chief among these, and for that matter chief among them all, was Joe Bailey, of the broad State of Texas, who towered above his associates as a solitary peak lifts its head above the surrounding hills. Having a clearer conception of his subject and a more forceful utterance than any other member of the body, it was not strange that while he spoke no one ever had to suggest the absence of a quorum, nor was it easy to find a vacant seat in the gallery. Even Aldrich listened with ill-concealed admiration. He was seldom interrupted, and never twice by the same man, for it was no evidence of discretion to engage him in personal controversy. But even Joe was built on

modern lines, and in private life chased with crafty avidity the dollar he unselfishly scorned in public official utterance. Those who knew him best never lost their faith in the gifted Texan, but he should have known that no man in that generation could hold a tight grip on public confidence with oily hands. It is a real calamity when the pathway of such a man is made so insecure by Standard lubrication that his feet slip from under him; for even when he gets up again it takes a long time to free himself from the odor.

Near Bailey sat the man who made South Carolina famous, Ben Tillman. It was not very often that he spoke, but when he did it required no interpreter to make his words understood. He was called by many names, some of them unprintable, but it never occurred to any one to speak of him as a fool. Yet wise men do foolish things, and Ben was not an exception to the rule. In debate he was no scientific Græco-Roman wrestler, but insisted upon a catch-as-catch-can bout, with no barring of the stranglehold. His frankness ofttimes caused him to be misunderstood. He used no veneer in his conversation. His feeling for the black man was no more hostile because he always called him a "nigger." Every other Southern man does the same thing when he speaks naturally; indeed most members of the dusky race use the term freely when speaking of one another. Tillman then could see no reason for calling the negro one thing on the plantation and another on the platform. The South Carolinian did not believe in protection,

but announced finally that, if it were to continue the policy of the government, he wanted his people to get their share of it, for which reason he sought to have a duty on catnip and sassafras tea.

Daniel, of Virginia, with his stolid Roman face and flowing locks, looked more like a lion than one who had been cast into a den of hungry animals to be devoured because he persisted in saying his prayers, as happened to his celebrated kinsman in ancient days. Gore, from the newly made State of Oklahoma, was the unfortunate possessor of sightless eyes, yet he was not so blind to the truth as some of his associates in the Senate whose physical optics were unimpaired. Bob Taylor, the genial Tennesseean, who used his gift of speech just as he used his fiddle, solely for the music he could get out of it, sat there and dreamed of his happy boyhood days, disguised in the role of a statesman. It is nothing short of a crime to sentence a man of his temperament to six long years of confinement in the Senate. Of course there were many others there, but not the kind of men whose deeds may be woven into the fabric of a household story.

Scarcely less important than the Senate itself was the lobby that had part in the construction of the Aldrich tariff. Every interest that had grown fat and strong by the grace of the Dingley bill had its delegation camping in Washington, with picket lines thrown out around the Capitol. The Steel Trust, with its harveyized heart, was pleading for a chance to live, and demonstrated that without a prohibitive tariff, enabling it to exact high prices

from American consumers, it could not afford to sell its products in the foreign markets for one-third less than it gets for the same at home. In order, therefore, to give the poor Englishman his steel rails for twenty dollars a ton the tariff must be so adjusted that the American buyer is compelled to pay twenty-eight. And why should anyone object to this? The domestic railroad can easily overcome the difference in cost by raising its transportation rates on the American suckers, who have no better sense than to stand for it and march under the banner of protection.

The packers were there, praying for the retention of the duty on hides; lest, after skinning the farmer who raises the steer and skinning the animal, they might not be able to skin the people who wear shoes and make other common uses of leather. The packers, of course, had no concern about the price of feet envelopes, for they buy theirs in Paris, where they spend their spare time and spare change.

The Sugar Trust, that sweet child of the system, was crawling round the place, smearing everything with its sticky fingers. Why, it wanted to know, should the unrefined people be permitted to buy a cheap refined sugar, when it had been so recently demonstrated that the trust could not make all the money it wanted without resorting to theft? Was it not the duty of the government to remove the temptation to commit crime by giving these people a license to take everything in sight by due process of law? Furthermore it was humiliating for men

of high social and commercial position to have to plead the statute of limitations to keep out of jail. There was but one way to end all this unseemly practice; let the law be so framed that the common people, who never could be trusted with money, would be compelled to turn over all they procured as soon as it came into their hands, thus dispensing with the necessity for using the sand bag.

One very important trust, however, did not attend that gathering. It had no occasion to do so. Standard Oil owned the American refineries and the oil fields of the rest of the world. If therefore the tariff should be reduced, it could bring in its crude petroleum at a saving, and if advanced, it could then raise the price of the finished product. So the saintly John D. gathered up his clubs and hied himself to the golf links, for, come what might, he was a winner.

There was no reason indeed why these interests should not all be at the Capitol to instruct the men they had put there at a heavy expense. And they had a right to demand a compliance with the pledge of the party platform, that a tariff should be maintained sufficient at least to equalize the cost of foreign and domestic labor, and also to guarantee a *reasonable profit* to the American manufacturer, while it was generally conceded that the small profit was the only unreasonable one. The suggestion that the safety of the widow's mite deposited in a bank should be guaranteed was ridiculed; yet it was all right for the government to

guarantee the profits of the men who own the banks and everything else in sight.

There was just one individual who was neither consulted nor considered in all these deliberations, the man who pays the bill.

One of the policies of President Taft, which he distinctly avowed both before and after his election, was the destruction of the political solidity of the South. To the accomplishment of that purpose he devoted so much of his thought and energy that it became the paramount aim of the administration. He had not the slightest objection to the consistency and unanimity with which the Southern States clung to their political faith, but he did object seriously to the kind of faith they indulged. He found no fault with their people because they continued from year to year to vote the same ticket, but he condemned severely the choice they made of a ticket to support. It was not because the South was solid that he grieved, but because it was solidly Democratic. If its solidity had been devoted to the maintenance of Republican ideals, it would then have had his unqualified approval.

The President was not unduly disturbed on account of the consistent fidelity of the New England States to the doctrines of the party to which he belonged, nor did he ever suggest that the interests of the country would be better served by a disturbance of their unfailing loyalty to Republicanism. It was suicidal, he insisted, for Virginia or Texas to remain perpetually in the Democratic

column, but he was never heard to intimate that Vermont or Pennsylvania would profit by an occasional change of its political complexion. Nor was he disposed to admit that alternating the control of the Federal Government between the two parties would be productive of better results. Only one conclusion was inevitable: Mr. Taft's most serious objection to the South was that it did not express a preference for him and the party to which he belonged.

The President should have remembered that it was the attitude of his party that compelled the South to become and remain solidly Democratic. At the close of the Civil War a multitude of ignorant negroes were armed with the ballot and clothed with all the rights of citizenship for the sole purpose of giving numerical strength to his political organization, which for its own advantage was perfectly willing that the white people of the South should be subjected to negro domination. There was nothing left for self-respecting men—who believed in the supremacy of Caucasian blood—to do but band themselves together in a determined effort to find deliverance from the curse which was visited upon them. For generations, therefore, the difference between the parties in that locality was practically a difference of color.

Finally ways and means were devised for the emancipation of the white man; not, however, by the aid or encouragement of either Mr. Taft or his party. When, therefore, it became well understood that at least the local government of the

Southern States would for all time remain in the hands of the white people, and that Republicanism could never gain the ascendency there through the vote of its colored ally, some of the wiser leaders thought it good politics to make terms with the element in power. If Republicanism could not triumph as a negro party, then it was even willing to gain supremacy by becoming a peroxide blonde, an organization essentially unchanged but robbed of its surface discoloration by the process of bleaching. A very flattering concession to the Southern defenders of their race to be offered a place in the party in which the negro had failed to make good!

The President, accordingly, began a political flirtation with the South, whispering into its ear that he was in sympathy with its plans and purposes, but not forgetting, at the same time, to speak feelingly of our duty to protect the negro in the exercise of his political rights in those localities where that doctrine was popular.

It is more than probable that the South will in the future cease to be solid in its political affiliation, but when it happens it will come to pass as the result of a political expediency, and not in the discharge of a political obligation to the party which made its solidity a defensive necessity.

CHAPTER XXVII

SOME CONCLUSIONS

Having followed the trail of the American people in their march of progress since the establishment of the first permanent settlements down to, and almost through, the first decade of the twentieth century, a period of about three hundred years, it may now be interesting to note briefly the conditions into which their long and eventful pilgrimage has brought them.

The country over which President Taft and Senator Aldrich preside is very different from that of which George Washington took charge, when shortly after the close of the Revolution the government went into the hands of a receiver. Its territorial limits have been extended from generation to generation, and from the Isthmus of Panama to the North Pole.

By conquest, discovery, and purchases made at bankrupt sales Uncle Sam has been picking up a continental possession here and an island there until he has become one of the biggest taxpayers enrolled on the land books. Some indeed believe that he is the owner of more land than he can work to advantage.

The most recent acquisition has come through the right of discovery. Repeated attempts have been made to locate the extremity of the earth known as the North Pole. Many lives and reputations have been lost in the effort. Prominent among these adventurers were two residents of Brooklyn, who for many years had been eager to find a more satisfactory abiding place, Dr. Frederick A. Cook and Commander Robert E. Peary.

It had been the habit of these two distinguished explorers to drop out of sight every few years and after a period of some months come back to Brooklyn and progress in their search for the Pole.

At last, in the latter part of the summer of 1909, word came back that Dr. Cook had actually reached the coveted goal and taken possession of the new territory in the name of the United States.

The first round of applause had scarcely subsided, when Commander Peary crossed the horizon and proclaimed his triumph in reaching the hitherto unknown spot.

When informed that Dr. Cook had already achieved the same success, Commander Peary was filled with chagrin and indignation. He could not understand how anyone else could be so inconsiderate as to accomplish what he had himself so often failed to do. He thereupon declared the story of Cook unworthy of credit and proceeded to demonstrate that any account of a North Pole discovery should be looked upon with suspicion.

The controversy between these two unselfish patriots and explorers waxed strong and bitter.

The personal friends of each became partisans; all seeming to believe that the only valid proof that one man had reached the pole consisted in demonstrating the impossibility of anyone else doing the same.

The charges and countercharges made by Peary and Cook left the public in a state of confusion and doubt. If the accusations made by these two men against each other were to be credited, then the story of neither was entitled to belief; and, if the accusations were untrue, then the men making them could not be trusted. So there was little left upon which confidence could be based.

The difficulty in proving one's visit to the North Pole is apparent. Such evidence as might be brought back would not be recognized by those who had never been there.

Cook brought with him a piece of purple ice, which he declared was found there in great abundance; yet scientists tell us this same color effect in ice may be had by a skillful use of Diamond dyes.

The strongest proof offered by Peary was a pole-cat, which he says was taken right at the pole. This would seem to be unanswerable.

Upon these fragments of testimony, corroborated by two Esquimaux, a gentleman of color by the name of Hanson and two packs of intelligent dogs, must, for the time being, rest our faith that the pole was actually discovered. It must also be remembered that Dr. Cook claims to have made his discovery in the year 1908, during the adminis-

tration of President Roosevelt—a period of miraculous performance.

Many years will doubtless come and go before any official denial can be made of these discoveries by Congressional committees visiting the scene of the alleged finding.

If it be true that the Stars and Stripes have been placed in cold storage at the top of the world, then, as Mr. Wickersham, Attorney-General of the United States, declares, the Constitution follows the flag and the dominion of our country has literally been extended to end of the earth.

As nearly as we can ascertain from the meager description brought back by the explorer, this new land consists entirely of a large mass of uncracked ice, bounded on the south by some more ice of a more porous or spongy character, such as is usually delivered by the wagons of the American Ice Company. It has no other boundary, for everything else is south of the pole.

Just what use the United States Government can make of this arctic addition has not been determined, unless it be to cover it with a mortgage as the basis of a new bond issue. Senator Aldrich will no doubt insist upon a revision of the tariff to protect the New England manufacturer against the importation of polar products, though it is difficult to see how there can be any ruinous competition, if the labor unions insist upon a strict enforcement of the eight-hour law, which at the pole would limit the period of toil to eight hours per annum.

Not only have the territorial limits of the United States been extended within the time we have been considering, but no country perhaps in all the world has ever experienced so marvelous a transformation in a like period. For that reason the American people have acquired the habit of referring with ill-concealed pride to the progress they have made, nor have they been slow to speak disparagingly of the manners and customs of their own ancestors, from whom they are removed by only a few short generations.

The population of the country has continuously increased by the processes of multiplication and addition. In recent years there had been a comparative abatement in the increase by the former method, until President Roosevelt stimulated domestic expansion by his notable message to Congress, recommending a rigid Federal supervision of the family, fixing seven children as the minimum allowance to the household. Since then the matrimonial dividends have been larger.

There has been no falling off in the rate of increase by addition. Ellis Island, the principal port of entry for immigrants, has been kept busy making Americans out of the cast-off men, women and children of every civilized and barbarous race on the face of the earth. Some very good citizens come out of the discard, but the greater number of these recruits could help the country more by staying out of it.

It is all very well to talk about America being the home of the oppressed; and the opening of

her doors to the outcasts is a very pretty sentiment, but it may be questioned whether any ultimate good can come to the country by converting it into a human garbage can.

The simple and laborious life of the pioneer has in many instances given place to an existence of luxuriant ease; nevertheless, there are simpletons still who earn their living by honest toil, just as if it were respectable to do so. Whether the modern men of affairs, who are in a position to command every comfort and convenience of progressive civilization, get any more satisfaction out of life than their less-favored and less-pretentious neighbors is difficult to determine. Of course they are infinitely better equipped to supply their manifold wants, but the trouble is they want so much more than they once did. Furthermore, the human mind and body are both so constituted that a superabundance adds nothing to contentment. When one's appetite is fully satisfied there is no further satisfaction to be gotten out of the extra supply left on the table.

There, for instance, is John D. Rockefeller, who might buy every delicacy the market affords without missing the price, yet whose chronic indigestion limits his repast to a small bit of toast and a cup of diluted hot water, to which he sometimes adds a small stewed prune on Sunday or a holiday. He gets less real enjoyment out of his meals than the rugged woodsman who sits down to his homely dish of sauerkraut and pig-knuckles.

The progress of the American people has deliv-

ered them from many of the primitive dangers and discomforts, but has at the same time brought them face to face with countless perils and difficulties that were unknown in colonial history.

There is no positive evidence that the death rate has been materially diminished. The percentage of casualties due to the tomahawk of the Indian or the ferocity of wild beasts is, to be sure, nothing like so great as it was in the seventeenth century, but the present generation is constantly exposed to a variety of civilized devices for terminating existence that were unheard of in former generations. The occupant of the stage coach is now seldom held up by the desperate highwayman, but the pedestrian is daily held down by the automobile that ploughs its way through the crowded street.

Even the sick do not have the chance to recover which they once enjoyed. In colonial days it usually required at least twenty-four hours to get a doctor after it was decided to call for his assistance; now he waits at the telephone to be called, and rushes to the bedside of his helpless victim in a sixty-horse-power touring car. It is the exception when one dies a natural death.

Prior to the adoption of the Constitution there was no such thing as appendicitis—it was plain, old-fashioned belly-ache, which was usually cured with promptness by the application of the kind of poultice that mother used to make. Now the family physician prescribes a specialist, who in turn prescribes a hospital and a trained nurse. The surgeon opens up the patient that he may get some

inside information; then he proceeds to remove a portion of the anatomy which by general professional consent is declared to be one of nature's mistakes, because the learned doctors have not been able to discover its use. But the appendix is not all the operator gets out of his patient—if the latter is a person of means. The operation is always looked upon as being successful when the estate of the victim is solvent.

America has become an immensely rich country in recent years; yet many of those who are credited with large wealth do not always have enough clothes to cover their entire nakedness, as may be observed by anyone who attends a ball of the Smart Set at Newport or witnesses the bathers at some of the fashionable seaside resorts.

Indeed there are not so many over-rich people as we are apt to believe. The comparatively few who have a superabundance make more display and more noise than the great multitude of normal people whose modesty hides them from view and keeps pressing the soft pedal. We hear the shrieking whistle and catch the gasolenic odor of the onrushing automobile, and gaze with marvel upon the blinkered occupant of the car, while little heed is paid to the pedestrian who quietly goes on his way; yet an overwhelming majority of the human race goes through life on foot.

When Diamond Jim Brady enters the cafe of the Waldorf-Astoria and orders a double portion of everything on the menu for his own consumption he attracts more attention and comment than

the feeding of the multitude on five loaves and two small fried eggs at a Childs restaurant; still there is but one Diamond Jim, while no man can number the clerks and typewriters who satisfy their hunger at the hash-house.

The inheritance of large fortunes gives opportunity for leisure; but leisure is by no means an unmixed blessing. People who are not compelled to earn their bread have too much time to observe one another; hence we find husbands and wives growing tired of the partnership and casting each other aside as readily as they would discard their worn-out or misfit garments.

Indeed it would seem that for the convenience of these people who practice the trial marriage, advocated in the literary effort of Mrs. Herbert Parsons, there should be established a sort of woman's exchange, or matrimonial clearing-house, where at stated intervals there might be a re-mating of couples who have mistaken a fleeting fancy for a permanent affinity, or who have mislaid their compatibility.

Among the many contentions that have arisen in this progressive era may be mentioned the ceaseless conflict between capital and labor, a strife which had no place in early history, when men earned what they possessed. Then the capitalist was the laborer; for indeed he had no capital other than that for which he was willing to labor. But we shall not undertake to discuss the merits of this controversy; for it does not become one to venture an opinion who has never cherished a personal

fondness for labor and has no speaking acquaintance with capital.

The people of the United States still take delight in the delusion that they live under a popular form of government, where the will of the majority is the law of the land; but in truth the majority has no will, else political conditions would be speedily changed. The complacency with which the people have long submitted to the domination of their affairs, and the blundering efforts they have occasionally made to find deliverance, have come dangerously near to demonstrating their unfitness to govern themselves.

It is not within the province of the historian to forecast the future, though the task be comparatively easy, for the inaccuracy of statements relating to events that are yet to transpire is not so readily detected as the mistaken recital of the things that have already happened. We shall not at this time undertake to draw a picture of American life one hundred years hence; but, if this book should find favor with the people, we may, when the century is past, publish another volume recording the history of Theodore Roosevelt's third term and the establishment of his dynasty.

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